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OLD AND NEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY H. B. H.

The last, sad hours of the old, faithful Year
Are slowly passing, and the short'ning breath
Tells of the waning life, the thinning blood,
Decay and death.

The faithful Year! its duties all fulfilled,
Its labors done, it bows its head and dies;
The anxious throbbings of its heart are stilled—
We close its eyes.

And wait the coming of that lighter step
Now at the threshold, on whose winning face
We press our kisses, and whose form we fold
In fond embrace.

In blessed innocence, all white and pure,
Like a sweet babe on its dead mother's breast,
Comes the New Year, the while the aged sire
We lay to rest.

The glad New Year! around its brows are wreathed
Bright buds of promise, which shall bloom and bear
The fruits of industry and generous deeds
Beyond compare,

Till, as come round, in the vast wheel of Time,
Seasons and months in varied, ceaseless roll,
His duties done—laid on his bier—for him
The bell shall toll.

So we in line of long procession pass—
Age striding fast, and youth, devoid of fear,
Still pressing on, till, in that unknown sea,
We disappear.

"*The Larches*," Dec. 1878.

FAIR AS A STAR;

OR,

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IX.—AT THE TURNING-POINT.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
—SHAKESPEARE.

"Too late for what, I wonder?" Mrs. Banton said to herself, as she watched the girl's ineffectual efforts to rise.

No one had made any inquiry about her, and Mr. Banton and his son had done all they could to find out whom she belonged to, but in vain. As for Wilfred, the boy's susceptible heart had gone out to their new inmate from the moment when he had helped to carry her, as he thought, dying upstairs.

He had never seen anyone more beautiful than this seemingly friendless creature, who had come thus suddenly into their keeping, and he longed for the time when she would speak coherently, and open her eyes on the world with a recognizing glance. It was the third day after the accident when the delirium gave place to a sense of what was passing around her, and the girl turned her eyes to Mrs. Banton, who was sitting watching beside her.

"Mrs. Maxted," she said feebly.

"No, dear, but a friend," the good lady said, bending over her. "Don't try to talk, but drink this. The doctor said you were to have it the minute you roused up."

She put her hand under the patient's head, and held a cup to her lips. The girl drank the contents with the obedience of weakness and exhaustion, and fell back on her pillow again.

"What is the matter?" she said, her voice scarce more than a whisper. "Am I ill?"

"You have been, my dear. Please Heaven, you'll soon be better now."

"But where is Mrs. Maxted? What room is this? I must get up, please. It is getting dark, and if I am a minute late I shall lose my engagement."

But as she spoke her eyelids drooped heavily, and the sleep that the doctor intended should follow his potion overtook her—no fevered dream this time, but a refreshing, strength-giving sleep, from which she woke up weak as an infant, but with her mind clear, and able to speak and give some account of herself. Mrs. Banton learned that her name was Helen Pomfrey, and that she was in the ballet of a theatre of no great repute at quite the other side of the city. Her distress at finding she had been away so long was extreme. Her place would be filled, she said, and she had no other resources.

"My dear, if there were a dozen places open to you, you could not go till your arm is well," said kindly Mrs. Banton. "You must just make yourself easy, and stay here till then."

"But I cannot burden you with so much trouble and expense," Helen replied. "See what you have done for me already!"

Mrs. Banton stroked the fair hair that lay in such profusion on the pillow, and said in a voice that was choked with tears:

"See what you did for me, my child. Think what mourning and desolation there would have been in this house but for you. I should have been killed but for you. Everyone said so that saw what happened."

"I don't know much about what did happen," Helen said. "I remember I pulled somebody back from a big wagon, and then we both fell down. I must have been very clumsy."

"It was the horse that knocked you down, my dear. It was the blessing of Providence you were not killed."

Mrs. Banton brought her husband up to see her patient, and to thank her, too, for what she had done, and Helen began to feel that she was not intruding, but that they were glad to have her there. It seemed odd to them that she was so utterly friendless and alone, as she said—a young girl without father, mother, or anyone belonging to her was a rarity. She was not an American, she said, and had come to New York to get her living somehow. As is often the case, she had come terribly near to starvation before she had succeeded in getting anything to do. Work had come to her at last in the ballet of one of the minor theatres in the city, and the scanty pittance paid her for her hours of labor was barely enough to keep body and soul together. Helen told Mrs. Banton nothing of what had induced her to leave her home, if she had one. She only stated who she was, and how she lived.

"But your friends, my dear?" the good lady said. "Your relations? Surely you have someone belonging to you."

"I don't think I have a relation in the world," she replied sadly. "I have been an orphan ever since I can remember; as for friends," she added with a sigh, "they are as we make them, I think. I think you are proving a friend to me. Besides you, I have only one in the world."

"And that is?"

"My landlady, Mrs. Maxted. She has been a Good Samaritan, indeed, to me. Will you write to her and tell her I am safe?"

"I'll do better than that for you; I'll go to her," Mrs. Banton said. "Tell me where she lives, and I'll fetch her to see you, if you like."

It was a very humble street indeed that Helen Pomfrey named—a thoroughfare of poor houses at the back of the theatre where the young girl was engaged.

"I hardly like your going," Mr. Banton said to his wife, when she told him. "It's not a very respectable place. Perhaps you'd better let me or Willie go for you."

"I shall get at more of the truth of the story about her if I see the woman myself," his wife replied. "She'll talk more freely to me than she would to you. I believe every word the girl has spoken is true; but I shall hear more there, and no one will harm me."

She half repented of her resolution when she got into the very unsavory neighborhood round the theatre. The gutters overflowed with mud, and children and cats and dogs routed indiscriminately therein. In the midst of all this the big theatre reared its head, stuccoed and stately in front, grimy and ill-smelling in the rear.

The street Mrs. Banton had been directed to stretched away from the stage-door, at which a group of men were standing, and, oddly enough, as she passed she heard Helen Pomfrey's name.

"Disappeared, by Jove!" one of them said. "And deucedly well managed, too. Not a trace of her to be found anywhere; but we know, don't we, Pounce?"

"Rather," was the answer, with a coarse laugh, "and so does young Halliburton, too, for all his demure looks."

They all laughed, and Mrs. Banton stopped right in front of them. She had heard one of them called "Pounce," and knew he must be the manager. She was a timid little woman, but she could be as brave as a lion in defense of anyone maligned.

"Are you anxious to know where Miss Helen Pomfrey is?" she asked, addressing the one she guessed was the principal.

"Anxious, no. Curious, yes," he replied shortly. "We can guess in whose keeping she is."

"She is in mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes; my husband's and mine. She has been very ill."

There was a blank look upon their faces at their blunder, for Mrs. Banton was unmistakably respectable, and all but the manager slunk away. They left him to talk to her. She set forth what had happened in as few words as possible, and told him how anxious Helen was to get back. He listened to her and twirled his moustache, and then smiled disagreeably.

"Miss Pomfrey's place is filled," he said shortly. "I shall have no vacancy now this season. I am glad to find that she has stumbled on such good friends."

"But she tells me she has nothing to depend upon," the old lady said, aghast at his heartlessness and *sang froid*. "If you take her situation away, how is she to live?"

"That is her business. I found her of very little use. She gave herself airs, and was very disobliging. Good-day, madam."

He lifted his hat slightly and walked away, and Mrs. Banton turned round to find herself confronted by a wholesome-looking woman, Irish of tongue, but hearty in manner, who asked breathlessly for news of Helen Pomfrey. She had heard her name, she said, and made so bold because of her anxiety. She had hunted through all the hospitals, and inquired everywhere she could think of in vain.

This was Mrs. Maxted herself, fresh from her duties as cleaner in the theatre, and in a few minutes Mrs. Banton was sitting by the fire in her clean little room, hearing all she could tell about Helen Pomfrey.

It was very little. She had come there, looking dreadfully worn and ill, about six months before, and asked for a lodging. Mrs. Maxted had only a tiny closet, with a bed in it, to let, but she had declared it would do very well, and entered it at once, paying a fortnight's rent on the spot. Mrs. Maxted had begged the ballet-master to take her on, and when he had seen her he had given her a conditional engagement, which she had kept till now. This was all.

The good woman knew nothing more, except that she had learned to love her young lodger very dearly, and had been wellnigh distracted at her loss. She had no more idea where she came from or who she was than her questioner had. She was delighted beyond measure to be told she might come to see Helen, whose praises she sang with all the warmth of her Irish nature.

Mrs. Banton was satisfied with the result of her inquiries. Her protegee was no undeserving girl, but one to whom she might show kindness without fear of the result.

So she and her husband counseled together, and through the influence of one of Mr. Banton's customers a place was found for Helen in the ballet of another theatre. Mrs. Banton's house was to be her home. A little room upstairs was vacant, and she was to pay a moderate rent. They would have given it her free if she would have taken it, but her independence would not brook the obligation. And here she began a new life, with what feelings to the Providence who had helped her, and of love for the new friends who had sprung up for her, she alone knew.

CHAPTER X.—WILLIE BANTON TELLS HIS LOVE.

He either fears his fate too much
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.—MONTROSE.

Wilfred Banton, only son and dearly cherished child though he was, was something of a thorn in the flesh of his worthy parents. They had striven to bring him up prayerfully and well, and without the spoiling which seems to be the fate of all only children; but, as often happens, there was a dash of wilder and more turbulent natare in the lad than had sprung from either of his parents.

Mrs. Banton's brother, the memory of whose face was growing fainter and fainter with her as years wore by, had been a wild, uncontrollable lad, who had finally disgusted all his steady-going relations by leaving home and friends to seek his fortune in the very farthest corner of the earth. He left scarcely anyone to regret him save his little sister Jane, a girl hardly out of her schooldays, and completely under the dominion of the stern uncle and aunt who had brought them up.

She treasured his memory, and cried over his letters, as loving girls will, and meekly deprecated all the hard words and harsh prophecies she had to listen to concerning him. According to his relations, hanging was about the best fate in store for the recreant Graham Goldburn, and Jane was bidden to expect such an ending to her brother's career at any moment. But she never lost faith in him, and the event proved she was right. The restless energy of the erratic lad found rest in the wilder life of a new Australian colony, and as the years went by Jane Goldburn had substantial proof that her brother was doing well. Before his stern uncle and aunt died he was a land-owner, with a house for his sister had she needed one; but she had married comfortably, and was settled down into a quiet life in the home of a New York tradesman.

The correspondence had never dropped. Loving letters came and went across the sea with scarce even a month elapsing, and photographs of places and things spanned the ocean as with a bridge, and brought the two households together.

Graham Goldburn, at Nic Nic Gap, could look up to the walls of his sitting-room and see his sister and her husband as young people, and then as they looked now in the calm repose of their quiet middle life, and there was a whole gallery of Willies, showing how intense was the baby and boy worship in which his mother had indulged. There was even a photograph of the little parlor behind the shop, taken by an artist who was called in to immortalize some precious piece of *bric-a-brac*. In return for these, Jane Banton had two portraits of her brother, some views of Nic Nic Gap, and sundry bits of Australian life and scenery, which were as so much Greek to her.

It was vexatious to her to think that while her brother could look upon them as they were, and realize their faces and how they looked, she had nothing to speak to her of him. She could not see the brother she remembered in the grown man in the rough-looking digger's dress, with a shaggy head and untidy beard, which the first portrait showed her, nor in the elderly, shrewd-looking settler of the second and more artistic picture. She could recall him better in her own unstable, loving, handsome boy, who would not willfully nor in malice have done anything to worry her, and yet who caused her many a heart-pang by his escapades and recklessness.

Little as she knew of Helen Pomfrey, it was with a feeling akin to gladness that she saw Willie losing his heart to her. Wild and wayward as he was, she had always feared his falling under female influence. She had an instinctive fear that it would be bad influence if he did, and Helen was so amiable, so gentle, and, she was sure, so good, that she felt certain she would restrain him from evil and lead him towards good.

Willie stayed at home more, and did not make her heart ache by coming in at unholy hours in the morning, and he was more gentle in his manner, and more inclined to listen to advice from his father, and what in his secret heart he had been wont to call "twaddle" from his mother.

But it was some time before he made up his mind to speak to Helen Pomfrey. She had settled down into a regular inmate of the house, going to and from her work in an unobtrusive fashion, very unlike the ordinary type of ballet-girls; but then she was unlike her fellows altogether. She was rising into notice as a very careful young lady, and on one or two occasions had made a marked sensation by her performance of some little part; so that her prospects were very fair, and she was likely to make a comfortable living. Her striking beauty made her much sought after, and numerous idlers—the pests of the dramatic profession—took to leaving bouquets and notes at the stage-door for Miss Helen Pomfrey; and now and then costly gifts, which have but one meaning when so offered, were left with the hallkeeper for the pretty girl whom no one knew, but everyone admired.

But the notes were unanswered. The presents were always left till called for by their owners, and the flowers withered on the shelves, or were appropriated by less scrupulous damsels, who did not care how they got flowers, so as they did get them. Helen Pomfrey was unassailable, and it was voted in the theatre that she must have a lover or a husband somewhere who was jealous.

They watched her, but watched in vain. Nobody came to fetch her or meet her. No prancing horses or liveried grooms waited for her at street-corners, nor did she receive anyone at the eminently respectable house where she lodged.

The young ladies—her companions—voted her a "close, stuck-up thing," and were inclined to be disagreeable to her, till they found out how goodnatured and gentle she was. She was always ready to help them, or take the place of anyone incapacitated by sickness, and they came to look upon her promotion to a higher grade without envy.

It was no wonder Willie Banton fell in love with her, and lost his head as utterly as ever did impulsive boy since the days of Adam. He told his passion to his mother at last, and begged her to sound Helen for him, and see if she were heart-whole. The good lady stroked his shining curls and laughed at his eagerness.

"Nay, nay, my boy," she said. "You must do your courting for yourself."

"But you are so gentle, mother, and she loves you so dearly," pleaded the lad.

"If she won't have you for your own asking, my lad, she won't for mine," Mrs. Banton said. "You know the old song."

And she trolled out, in a voice that was still fine and full, the grand old lines of Montrose:

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win and lose it all."

"That's just it, mother!" he exclaimed. "I do 'fear my fate too much,' and 'my desert is small'—so small that I dare not do what that old song recommends. I think I could bear 'No' better if it came through your dear old lips."

"I think you're a bit of a coward, Willie; I think if I were a lad like you I would rather have the 'No' direct from her lips than anyone else's. She might say no to me, when *you* might persuade her into saying yes."

"So she might," said Willie, brightening up. "And, mother, if she does, will you take her for your daughter? Will you and father be content to have her for your son's wife?"

"Yes, dear; I think we should!" Mrs. Banton said, stroking her son's hand—a hand too lithe and white to belong to a man of nerve and will. "She came to us a stranger, but we have learned to love her very dearly. We don't know much about her; but I am sure there is nothing but good to know. Your father and I were talking the matter over only the other night, and we made up our minds that when you told us you were going to marry her we would say: 'Heaven bless and keep both our children.'"

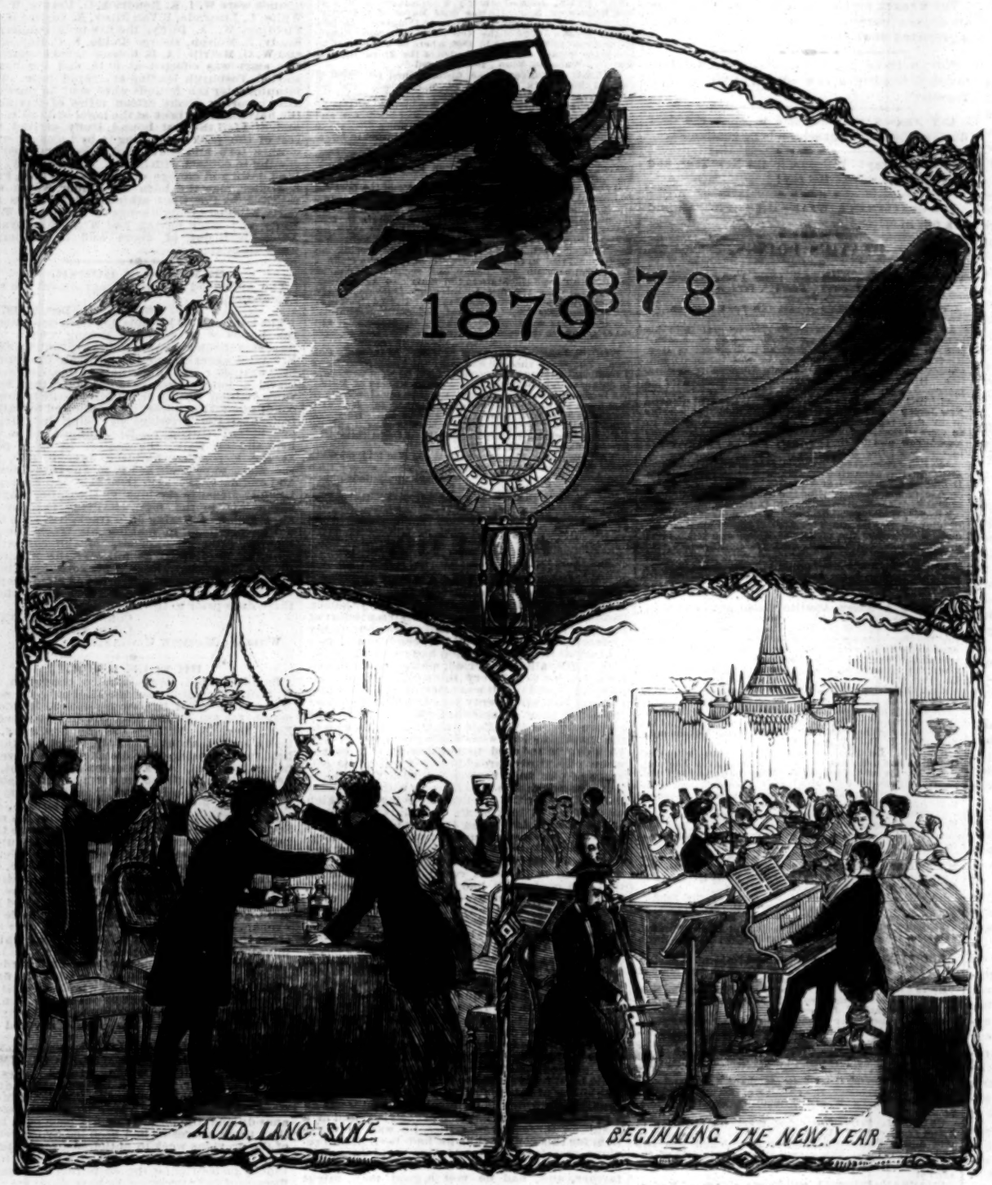
"I thought you would. But who told you, mother? I have never said a word."

"We have eyes, my boy. I think everybody that knows you knows you love Helen, except herself. I don't believe she does."

"No, I don't believe she ever thinks of me," said Willie disconsolately; "and I am always thinking of her."

"Ah, well! All that will change when you speak to her, maybe. You have my best wishes, my darling boy, and your father's, too. He says Helen has bewitched him."

And thus it came about that Willie Banton was to learn his fate that night from Helen's own lips.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The hands point squarely to twelve. Old 1878 gathers his mantle about him, and drifts silently forth into the shadowy realm of the past. His work is done. For good or for evil he has left his record behind him. He came radiant with promise, bright with hope, fragrant with the odor of garlands and roses. He goes sorrowfully at the stroke of the clock, with the trials and triumphs, the victories and failures, the mighty resolves and the small achievements of a twelvemonth locked in his breast. Time once more takes up the glass, turns it, and writes a new name on his scroll. Who is this stranger that has come to rule in place of him who has gone? A fresh-lipped youngster, with laughing eyes and dimpled chin. Let us give him a right hearty welcome—the New Year, who is to make good all the promises which the Old left unfulfilled. Did ever a new year come yet that was not teeming with hope? Surely this latest monarch in Time's kingly line will reign wisely and well. And yet, catching a glimpse of the shadowy form of 1878, we are reminded of the faith we put in the Old Year when he, too, was a stranger, fresh-lipped and laughing-eyed. That faith, we know, has been shaken. Will it be shaken again when 1879 wraps his mantle about him and drifts away? The possible lies in the keeping of this newcomer. What chapters in the world's history will be writ while he holds the sceptre? What disappointment has he in store? What pain, what pleasure, what glad surprises, what stinging regrets? Will new friends be raised up, or will old and loved ones be swept away? What harvest will death reap before the New Year grows old? Ah, well. It is better, perhaps, that we cannot answer these questions—better that we should trust in the future, and doubt, if doubt we must, only the past. So here's to the New Year! With the hands pointing squarely to twelve, we will drink one toast to auld lang syne, and then, burying if not forgetting the past, we will turn to welcome the New. Here is music, here merriment. We will dance in honor of the young monarch who has but this moment mounted the throne. And may the Year thus happily begun be not less happy when his hair has grown white and the dimples in his face have turned to wrinkles.

CHAPTER XI.

"MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD-NIGHT."

Adieu, adieu! My native shore
Fades on the waters blue;
The night winds shriek, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew.—BYRON.

When Helen Pomfrey emerged from the stage-door of the theatre that night, she found Willie Banton waiting for her. She was very glad, for she had been somewhat annoyed by being followed and accosted by idle loungers, and she greeted him quite cordially.

"This is indeed kind of you," she said. "I shall feel quite safe with you."

"I wish you would let me come every night."

"It's not good for little boys to come idling about theatre-doors," she said playfully. "Besides, it would get to be remarked, and that wouldn't do; and then it would spoil me, and I must learn to be independent. I shan't always have such a kind friend to take care of me."

This was enough for Willie. Upon this hint he spoke, and before Helen could interpose a word he had poured out all his hopes and wishes—all the passion of love which had sprung up in his heart, and all his aspirations for the future. She listened to him like someone in a dream, and, turning to her under the light of a lamp, he saw that her face was deathly pale, with a stunned, dazed look upon it as though she were frightened.

"I have startled you," he said. "I have been too rough, too sudden, but I had to speak, or I should have died. Helen, speak to me. Give me one little word to comfort and give me hope."

For a minute she could not speak. Her lips were dry and her tongue refused to frame a syllable, but at length she gasped out a reply.

"I am so sorry, oh, so sorry!" she said.

"Why sorry?" he asked. "O Helen! my darling—for you are my darling—the only woman I have ever seen whose love would be anything to me—don't drive me to despair by saying me nay. You love my father and mother; they love you, and in their names as well as my own I ask you to be their daughter. Their hearts are waiting to welcome you. It shall be the whole business of our lives to make you happy. Say you will give me something in return? Just a little love, to make me hope for more by-and-bye."

She could see the tears shining in his honest young eyes, and the impassioned flush upon his face as he spoke, and her voice was tremulous with emotion as she answered him.

"O Mr. Banton! Willie! what can I say? I am so sorry, so grieved!"

"Is that *all*?"

"All that I can say! Nay, hear me," she went on, stilling him with a look and touch of her hand, as he would have broken out again. "Believe me, I had no idea of this. It never entered my head that I was spoiling your happiness like this, or I would not have stayed in your father's house an hour. What you ask of me cannot be."

"Cannot!"

"Cannot! I am a lonely woman, and I can never place my hand with my heart in it in the hand of any man. I can never take my troubles or my heart-weariness to a husband's love for comfort, or to look to any man for the protection and care that happier women may claim. You must forget me, Willie, and find a worthier and happier woman to share your bright young life."

Willie burst into protestations that he could never forget her, never seek another woman, etc., as all young fellows in love do, and Helen strove to soothe him as best she could.

"I am grateful to you," she said. "You have done me the greatest honor that an honest man can do a woman. You have offered me your hand and heart. Some day you will know that it was no caprice that made me refuse. I cannot marry *any* man, Willie. I must go through my life lonely and forlorn till the curtain of the other world is lifted for me, and I know the reason of all the misery that has been my portion in this one."

Willie Banton wrung Helen Pomfrey's hand when they reached the door of his father's house.

"I can't go in yet," he said. "I can't face my mother, who sent me to meet you with hope in my heart, and loving, cheering words upon her lips. I don't blame you; but you have broken my life and made me an aimless, hopeless creature, with the overthrow of my hopes."

"I would have broken my own heart rather than have made you unhappy," Helen replied sadly to the lad's passionate words; "but, indeed, indeed, I did not know."

"Were you blind? Had you no eyes that you could not see I loved you?" he asked with a sob in his voice. "Everyone that knew me could see it but you. I think I worshiped the ground you walked upon, and envied the air you breathed. It's very hard. It's cruel!"

"I have not been cruel, my poor Willie," she said, the tears standing in her own eyes as she put her hand in his and tried to soothe him. "Forgive me if I have been so wrapped up in my own sad remembrances that I was blind to your truth and love. I have had bitter trials, and sorrow makes us selfish, you know. I am so grieved that I have wounded you like this."

Willie was too wrapped up in his own grief to be able to accept her sweet apology, and he broke away from her with a sob, and left her to go in alone. He was too much of a boy in all he said and did to be able to conceal his emotions—too much of a spoiled child to try and do so, and he wept like a very girl as he roamed through the deserted streets over what he imagined Helen Pomfrey's harshness and cruelty.

It was in very deed over the downfall of his own castle in the air, for the splendid edifice had been all of his fancy's raising. His mother's pretty lodger had never given him a thought beyond liking him for his parent's sake, and feeling kindly towards him for his own. She was very sorry for what had happened, and there was a shadow on her sweet face as she entered the house and went quietly towards her own room. Mrs. Banton had not retired to rest. She was watching for her, and called softly to her as she passed her sitting-room. Helen went in, and sat down by her side.

"Well, my dear," she said with a look of inquiry.

"I am afraid it is not well, dear Mrs. Banton," Helen replied.

"You have seen Willie?"

"Yes."

"And he spoke to you?"

"Yes."

"And you said him nay? I can see you did. My poor boy! His heart was set upon you, my dear; and we should have been glad to have you for a daughter. I told him so."

"You are very good to me, dear Mrs. Banton," Helen said, caressing the hand she held. "Far better than I deserve. And if I could have said yes to Willie, I think I should have done it, if there were no other feeling in my heart than gratitude; but it cannot be."

"Well, dear, I suppose you know best," the old lady said. "We can't all control our feelings. You shall be my daughter all the same, and Willie must learn to get over it. He's a spoiled boy, and will cry for the moon sometimes."

Helen did not tell her friend that her idolized son was utterly distasteful to her—that if there were no other man in the world she would scarcely have taken Willie for a husband. His mother could not see his faults as outsiders could. He was weak, unstable, and vacillating to a fault—indolent, too, and accustomed to rely upon others rather than himself. He had not one single quality to recommend him to a woman like Helen Pomfrey, who, underneath her calm exterior, had a passionate nature, and an intellect beyond the average of her sex.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MARCH OF THE YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O the years that go down into silence,
That are heavy with cloud and with rain,
Or bright with the sunshine which cometh
To gladden existence again!
How they march, march, march, bearing burdens,
These wonderful, mystical years,
And some are made bright by their gladness,
And some are made gloomy with tears.

How we look for them, long for them, hope for them,
How we grasp them, and love them or hate,
With our hearts that are glad or despondent,
That despair, or are fondly elate.
How we patiently watch for their promise
As each day comes but onward to glide;
How their sails glimmer white in the distance,
Borne on by the wind and the tide.

So the years they march on, disappearing,
And the years they march on into view,
And whatever we missed in the Old Year
Shall ce brought to our hearts in the New.
We stretch out our hands in our longing
To welcome the march of their feet;
The Old may be full of life's bitter,
But the new shall be full of its sweet.

If white hands that have waved in the past years
Wave for others, nor care for us more,
Whiter hands beckon out of the distance
Of the years that march onward before—
If the eyes which were bright proved deceitful,
The lips that were red proved untrue,
Sweeter lips shall be red with our kisses
In the years which forever are new.

To each heart comes, beguiling, some Circe,
To each spirit a siren yet sings,
And the years that are past are as nothing
In life's magical Summers and Springs.
Their going is nothing, if coming,
Brighter visions are gliding along.
What are all the old songs we were singing,
When we hear a more marvelous song?

Yet the old songs are full of life's music,
Though the new may bear something divine;
We shall miss in the draught we are sipping
The flavor that dwelt in our wine.
For the old things are not as the new things—
Faces wrinkled and worn may be true—
And our hearts will go back to the old years,
Though our lives may tread on in the new.

We shall miss the dear friends we have cherished,
We shall miss the companions of years,
And at times the sweet voice of our Circe
Shall bear us the ripple of tears.
For not even the song of the sirens,
That is borne to us over the blast,
Can drift into its music enchanting
Without touching the notes of the past.

How they march, march, march, bearing burdens,
These mystical, wonderful years!
To some they are gifted with sunshine,
To some they are heavy with fears.
Their laughter is like to the laughter
Which came in the years which are fled;
Their sobbing is like to the sobbing
We heard when we buried our dead.

Yet dear to our hearts is the New Year
(Not dearer, perhaps, than of yore),
And the fair hands that beckon us onward
Are fairer than ever before.
And out of the mystical silence,
And out of the future, to be,
No white sails are tattered and storm-tossed
That rise into sight from its sea.

Its lips they are red as the roses;
Its eyes are as bright as the morn;
Its forms are as fair as the vision
Which dazzled when Venus was born.
No saddened regret for the past years
Unto that which is coming belongs—
Its Circes are maidens of beauty,
Its Irens sing wonderful songs.

THE LIVING PORTRAIT:

A STORY OF THE NEW YEAR IN FLORENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Night in the fair city of Florence. Night, black and tempestuous without, but full of music, mirth and revelry within the palace of the Orsi. No family in all Florence boasted greater wealth, or gentler blood, or nobler traditions, than this same house of the Orsi. And its present master, Count Giralamo, was as rich, as noble and as chivalrous as any one of his illustrious ancestors.

There was good reason why the old palace should ring with merry peals of laughter that night, for it was the eve of the New Year; and more than that, it was the anniversary of the Count Giralamo's marriage. Of all beautiful women upon whom the sunny skies of Italy smiled, none was more beautiful than the Count's wife, Stella. She counted lovers by the score, when the Count Giralamo knelt at her feet. He was fifty, bald-headed and wrinkled; but he was the acknowledged head of the house of Orsi, he was rich and he was noble. So the woman whose beauty had maddened half the cavaliers of Florence listened to his suit and, in the end, married him. A year had passed. Count Giralamo and his wife had lived happily—so the world said. So, indeed, the Count himself believed. For Stella, if she had not been happy, neither the world nor the Count was to know.

Among the guests at the fete this New-Year's eve was Antonio Morello, the son of a noble but broken house, and who, but for the name he bore, might have been looked upon as an adventurer. He had wasted a goodly fortune in the most reckless dissipation. He had been engaged in more amours and duels than any cavalier in Florence; and, if rumor was to be believed, darker crimes than these were to be laid at his door. Yet Antonio Morello was young, brave and handsome. If he was also wicked, that certainly did not lessen the favor with which he was regarded by women. Anyone save the unsuspicious Count Giralamo must have noticed the eager, passionate glances which passed between Antonio and Stella; but so implicit was the Count's faith in his wife that he was blind to whatever implicated her. It was not strange, therefore, that he failed to notice her withdrawal at an hour before midnight from the gay salon—failed, also, to notice that Antonio Morello disappeared a few moments later. The two met in a chamber on the upper corridor of the palace. This chamber was connected by an arched door with the sleeping-apartment of Giralamo. It was a large room, gorgeously furnished, yet gloomy in its very magnificence. On the wall facing the entrance hung a life-size portrait of the Count's mother, painted with rare skill. The face was cold and proud, with scarcely a touch of color; and this ghastly whiteness was intensified by the great, black eyes which stared down upon the beholder, let wherever he stood, as only the eyes of portraits can. The artist had reproduced his subject with striking fidelity. The face upon the canvas was the face of the haughty Countess precisely as it had appeared in life. Nothing was softened, nothing was added. Art had nowhere flattered the proud woman who in life had never flattered nature. Her full-length figure stood within the frame robed in richest satin, one white hand resting upon a marble stand, the other grasping a bouquet of flowers—a figure white and cold and motionless, and yet a living figure.

It was directly beneath this portrait, in the dimly-lighted chamber, that Antonio and Stella stood.

"I have brought it!" he said in a whisper.

In a whisper she answered him:

"It will not fail?"

"It never fails," was his reply. As he spoke, he drew forth a small vial containing a bright-red liquid.

"Six drops!" he said.

She took the vial, and for a moment held it up to the light. Her hand trembled perceptibly. Her white bosom rose and fell with a quick, tumultuous movement. Antonio's eyes were riveted upon her with an eager, questioning look.

"Six drops!" she repeated, still in a whisper. "And it must be given to-night?"

"To-night!" answered Antonio. Then his arm stole round her waist and he drew her closer to him—so close that he could feel the throbbing of her full bosom against his breast. "To-night!" he resumed, his lips close to her ear. "To-night, and those six magic drops will remove the one obstacle in our way. Then will you be mine—mine forever, Stella!"

Her head rested a moment upon his shoulder. She still held the vial in her hand, while her lustrous eyes turned towards the portrait. Suddenly she started back with a look of horror upon her face.

"What is it?" asked Antonio.

"The portrait!" she said faintly. "I saw its eyes close and its lips move!"

"Nonsense!" returned Antonio, a little impatiently. "It was mere fancy, Stella. You are excited and nervous. Think of the future—think of the life before us after to-night!"

She recovered herself, although her face remained pale as death.

"I will think of the future," she said, and put the vial into her bosom. Then a strange glitter came into her eyes. For the first time she raised her voice and spoke aloud: "These six drops will not hurt him, signor? You are quite sure they will do him no harm?"

Antonio gazed at her a moment in mute surprise. Something in her face seemed to enlighten him. He broke into a laugh and answered her in a voice as loud as her own:

"Harm? Believe me, my dear lady, they will do him no possible harm. They will make his New-Year the happiest of his life!" Then in a whisper he added: "Six drops, and he will be dead in as many minutes!"

They looked at each other in silence. It was for a moment only, but in that moment each read the other's heart. The next they passed out of the chamber, followed by the staring eyes of the portrait.

II.

The new year had come. The revel was over, the last guest had departed from the palace of the Orsi, and the Count Giralamo had retired to his chamber. The curiously carved clock ticked away the moments until the hands pointed to the hour of two. In her own apartment Stella sat by the window, looking out into the night. She had removed the rich dress which she had worn in honor of the fete, and in its stead she wore now the spotless white she was wont to don upon retiring. One rounded arm rested upon the window-sill, supporting the graceful head. The night had grown fairer without. Here and there the dense clouds had parted, and between them, in the depths of azure blackness, the moon shone bright and cold. It's ghostly light, falling upon the figure in the window, disclosed one shapely hand resting in the figure's lap; and in this hand, held with a nervous grasp, was the vial containing the bright-red liquid.

"Six drops!" she murmured, still gazing out of the window. Then, raising the vial, she looked at it long and earnestly in the spectral light of the moon. The clock struck the half hour. She rose to her feet and glided noiselessly out of the room. Groping her way through the wide hall, she ascended the marble stairs to the second corridor of the palace. There, before one of the arched doors, she paused and listened. Distinctly within could be heard the heavy, regular breathing of a man asleep. It was the Count Giralamo. She passed on to the next door—the door which opened into the chamber where she had met Antonio Morello. Noiselessly as a shadow she stole into the apartment. Just at that moment the moon, breaking clear from the drifting clouds, shed its rays luminously through the casement window, and fell full upon the portrait of the Count's mother. Stella looked at the canvas and shuddered. Then she turned away her face, clutched the vial with a firmer grasp, and crept, cat-like, towards the door leading into the Count's chamber. She had nearly reached it when a sound, as of the rustling of satin robes, caused her to look about in silent terror. The first object upon which her eyes rested was the portrait. The moon had come out brighter and clearer, so that it lighted all the chamber with a vividness at once startling and unnatural. And in this ghostly light Stella saw, as plainly as ever she saw the sun in the heavens, the arms of the portrait raise themselves slowly in the air, and the figure of the proud woman step forth from the frame. Weak and trembling, she sank upon the floor; but she had no power to turn her eyes from the terrible apparition—if apparition it was—which confronted her. Straight on, rustling the satin robes and holding its white arms aloft, the figure came. Straight on, to the very spot where the pale and frightened Stella crouched upon the marble floor. Straight on, until it stood over her, and one spectral finger pointed at the vial which contained the bright-red fluid.

"You would poison him—you would poison my son!" spoke the figure. "And he has been good to you—good and kind—kinder, far kinder, than you deserved. Woman, have you no heart?"

The crouching figure broke forth into hysterical sobs.

"I, his mother, will save him. I come between you and your murderous designs. Arise, Stella. Go back to your room. Keep the fatal poison for him—for him whose oily tongue has tempted you to this deed. Go!"

Blindly, without volition of her own, without even the consciousness of what she did, she obeyed. The figure glided back to its frame. The moon went out behind a cloud. And the chamber was deserted, save by the portrait, whose eyes stared vacantly into the deep gloom.

III.

New-Year's Day in the fair city of Florence. Alone in her chamber sat Stella, evidently awaiting someone's arrival. It was close upon three o'clock in the afternoon. Never had the Count Giralamo's wife appeared more beautiful than she did that day. Her dark eyes flashed with an unwonted fire, and the rich color burned upon her cheeks and lips, deeply crimson. If any memory of that horrible scene in the chamber where the portrait hung—the scene wherein Stella had fallen prostrate on the marble floor with the vial in her hand—if any memory, I say, of that scene remained, it surely left no outward trace. Calm, beautiful, self-possessed, no one looking upon her could believe that she was other than what she seemed. And she seemed happy.

When the hands of the clock pointed to three, Stella rose and summoned a maid to her presence.

"Signor Morello is expected soon. When he comes, conduct him to the chamber where the portrait of the Countess hangs."

The maid bowed and withdrew.

"Now!" whispered Stella to herself when the girl had gone. She closed the door of the chamber and locked it. Then, from the bosom of her dress she drew forth the vial containing the bright-red liquid. With a hand that did not tremble she poured out six drops of the fluid into a silver goblet. She next filled this goblet with wine from a decanter that stood on the table, returned the vial to her bosom, and unlocked the door. Almost at the same moment there came a knock from without.

"Signor Morello waits in the chamber," said the maid.

"Tell him I will join him at once," replied Stella.

She took up the goblet of wine and swept gracefully along the corridor to the chamber where the portrait hung. She entered so noiselessly that Signor Morello did not hear her. He was standing with his back towards the door, and with his eyes fixed upon the painting. Stella placed the goblet upon a stand and approached Antonio. The rustle of her dress startled him. He turned quickly and held out his hands.

"Stella, my queen!" he exclaimed passionately.

She made no resistance when he drew her to his breast. She gave back hot kisses for his. A voluptuous fire flamed in her dark eyes.

"What of the night?" he whispered. "Is it done?"

"It is done!" she answered recklessly.

"The six drops were enough?"

"Quite enough. He has not yet awakened from his deep sleep!"

Antonio laughed fiendishly.

"When he does wake it will be, let us hope, in a better world than this. My brave, my beautiful Stella, you are free at last—free to be mine. How easy it was—after all your doubts and fears, how very easy it was! When—when will it be known?"

"Not until to-morrow. I have told the servants that the Count is not to be disturbed to-day. Nobody will dare go near his room. To-morrow, when his corpse is discovered, they will say it was disease of the heart that killed him. So it was—the disease of *my* heart, Antonio, for you."

Morello drew her again to his breast, and imprinted long, passionate kisses upon her lips. Standing with her head upon his shoulder, Stella was once more brought face to face with the portrait. As the staring eyes fixed themselves upon her, she shuddered.

"What is it, love?" asked Antonio. "What frightens you?"

"Nothing," she answered faintly. "The room is cold—I feel a little chilly—suppose—suppose, Antonio, we have some wine?"

"By all means," rejoined Morello. "Wine will warm you."

Disengaging herself from his embrace, Stella walked to a closet in a recess of the chamber, opened the door, and took out a decanter and one goblet. This she filled and held out to Antonio. He looked at her in surprise.

"Do you think, my love, that I will drink alone?"

"Oh, I have another goblet there on the stand. I had filled it when the maid announced Signor Morello. Of course then I could not wait, so I brought the wine with me. There it is. I have touched it to my lips but once!"

"Then let me drink from this goblet!" exclaimed Antonio, seizing the cup which Stella had brought from her room.

"As you please," replied Stella carelessly. "Shall we drink to the New Year?"

"Yes, to the New Year!" echoed Antonio.

They drained their goblets together.

"You said, did you not, Antonio," inquired Stella, as she put down the empty goblet, "that the six drops would not hurt the Count?"

"Yes, yes!" answered Antonio, laughing softly. "I said so!"

"You are quite sure they would do him no harm?"

"Quite sure, my love, quite sure!"

"And you said, I think, that they would make his New Year the happiest of his life?"

"I most certainly said so, Stella. Your memory is perfect. Your——"

Antonio's words died suddenly upon his lips. His face lost its ruddy color, and became deathly pale. He staggered towards a chair with one hand

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

TENTH BOAT CLUB, Bedford.—D loses. The Bmb was never twenty feet long. D, whose judgment told him that it was of that length, bet that it was; B, who had been told by somebody that it was not, bet that it was not. There was liable to be error on either side; and if B had been misinformed, D would not then have claimed a draw on the ground that B had been told how long the limb was. He would have claimed the money. As it happens that B was told correctly, B wins, as the converse of the same principle that would have made D winner. Had D asked B, before the bet was made, whether he had measured the limb or had been told its length by anyone who had professed to have measured it, and B had replied in the negative or had equivocated, that would have been fraudulent concealment on B's part, and the bet would be void. The only thing that will vitiate a bet made on "certainty," as it is called, is fraud resorted to to procure such bet.

BIG JACOB, Brooklyn.—1. Three aces do not count anywhere. If they did, two sixes and a five would be as good at rattle-dice. The three aces are better than seventeen, but not so good as eighteen. The three fives are better than seventeen, better even than three aces or three fours, but not so good as eighteen (three-fives). 2. The three sevens and two fives beat the three fours and two aces, alike at whiskey-poker and at draw-poker. 3. Your hands are all right, except that the straight and the straight-flush are worthless unless it is specially agreed to play them. Then the straight-flush should beat four aces, while it must be agreed upon whether the straight will beat three-of-a-kind or only two-pair.

W. W. G. J., Lincoln.—This, like the squirrel-and-the-tree problem, is older than the hill upon which the tree grows that furnishes the spokes for the wagon-wheel and the base for the squirrel. Disputes as to both problems occur from looking at each from two different standpoints, and from applying to each these "universal rules" that, like all other rules, are not without exceptions. You can find the wagon-wheel problem discussed in any work on the philosophy of mathematics, and in almost any upon the physical sciences. We have no space for so well-worn a theme.

C., Marlboro House.—"A and B are partners against C and D, in seven-up-pitch. The game is 20 points up, and each made it 19. A deals, B gives him one, and pitches the deuce. C holds the ace. Who wins?".....If it was agreed to play in any such absurd way as that which permits a partner to bid to help out a partner, A and B are out on the gift. In giving A one, B was also giving it to himself, and was consequently giving nothing away. But possibly your "auction" was a farce, and that therefore what a player was given could do him no good, as the gift was not to count on his score. In that case, C and D went out on O's high. But that is not auction-pitch.

H. T.—London Assurance was originally acted in the Covent Garden Theatre, London, Eng., March 4, 1841, and upon the author being called for Dion Boucicault was led before the curtain by Charles Mathews, who played Dazzle. Whether Mr. Boucicault in reality its sole author or not we cannot say. Joint authorship has been attributed to a well-known actor then engaged in that theatre, but now performing in this city. He, however, makes no claim to it. Like the mystery which shrouds the Manhattan bank robbers and the removers of Stewart's remains, it may some day be cleared up.

U. A., Holyoke.—As in a single-handed game, so in cut-throat or partner seven-up—any player can object to the cards being bunched. Bunching, like agreeing upon a trump or turning up an odd card for trump, is not legitimate. But no one can object to the beggar and the dealer running the game out, unless their intention is plainly manifest purpose of allowing the dealer, as low man, to bring up his score by repeatedly turning up jack, which he could do if he deals long enough.

S. C. T., Taylor's Island.—1. When a player cannot follow suit at whist, he can either throw off or trump. You surely do not want us to go searching for some "authority" that may possibly support your peculiar view of the case. The foregoing is not one of our decisions, but we submit at first seem to ask for, but it is also common-sense. 2. Ed. James, whose card see elsewhere, can supply you. He advertises the price.

R. C.—B cannot count the four that A failed to score. That is our decision. 2. If you wish it decided according to Hoyle—that is, the genuine Hoyle—you should consult that work. If you think a copy can be found anywhere, we think it is exceptional way of playing the "age." 3. Not without so decide, because we are unable to prove that it does. According to the book called "American Hoyle," B cannot count the four.

L. S., Buffalo.—If B did not knock at 25, he is responsible for A's error, having led him into it, and A can go back and play the fourth five ahead of B's ten-spot. But if B knocked, then A alone is responsible for his error in making but 15, instead of 20, and cannot alter his play; and furthermore, B is entitled to count two for A's playing anew up to 15 when he could have "come in" on the original pile.

H. F., Montgomery.—1. A having weighed as much as he bet he would, and a pound more, he wins. 2. The man who wagered he would run 100 yards in 13sec., and did it in 14sec., wins. 3. The best records for 100, 200 and 300 yards, running, are 9½sec., 19½sec., and 31½sec. 4. For a man properly trained, the times you mention are only fair.

SUBSCRIBER B., Chicago.—A wins, so far as abstract eligibility is concerned. It is not necessary that the son should be the child of any U. S official. Any male child born while its parents, American citizens, are temporarily residing abroad may, at the years of majority, become President of the United States. No one can be President as soon as he becomes of age.

H. M. D., Marlboro.—The conditions are, we understand, that the holder of the ball must defend the championship within three months from the date of a former contest, or else forfeit the same. He has not the privilege of merely accepting a challenge in the time stated, and then putting off the contest for three months from the date of the match.

CONSTANT READER, Bluffton.—We are unwilling to decide bets on such a point. Most people play sixty-six so that king and queen will count twenty at any time when the hand is held either, provided it has leads of ace and ten as a trick. Others confound the game with pinochle, and shut him out from calling twenty after all the cards are up.

A SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—1. A royal flush is also a sequence flush. 2. Unless A or B Unless A or B has been agreed to play straight flushes, a hand composed of king, deuce, six, seven and nine of hearts, for example, will beat the 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 of diamonds. 3. A straight flush, when it is played, will beat four aces.

W. M., Sacramento.—1. Chas. Collins is known as "The Cast-iron Man." 2. Mike Donovan has fought three times in the ring—sparring, his opponents being Prof. John Jerome and Jim Murray. 3. Jerry Donovan fought Jim Burns, John McGlade, Johnny Gallagher and Steve O'Donnell.

R. M., Jr.—It would depend entirely upon his reputation and ability as a performer. Say from $20 per week and traveling expenses upwards. 2. A slight increase of salary, if he is a good ventriloquist. 3 He might; but he could not get an engagement unless he was well known.

W. D. L., Boston.—The best recorded score by a rifleman at 800, 900, 1,000 yards, fifteen shots at each distance, is 221 out of a possible 225, by J. S. Sumner, at Creedmoor, in the fall result the same as near as 9th, and A's.

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THE TRIGGER.

CHAMPIONSHIP SHOOTING TOURNEY.

The three days' tournament projected by Capt. Bogardus, who offered gold champion medals and other prizes for competition at pigeons and glass balls, open to all, took place at the Brooklyn Driving Park, L. I., Dec. 25, 26, 27. The weather, unfortunately, was bad for the sport, being raw, and the high wind whirled the dust in clouds over the grounds, bothering the contestants greatly. There were but few spectators present either day, and as the entries numbered ten only, the majority of them being unknown to fame, save locally, the tournament cannot be recorded as a success either financially or professionally, which is to be regretted, in view of the expense which the ex-champion incurred in carrying the affair through. The pigeon championship was first decided, the conditions governing the contest being 20 single birds, 25 yards rise, 100 yards boundary, five traps, one barrel only, 1¼ ounces of shot; and 10 pairs of birds, 20 yards, plunge trap, Bogardus' rules to govern; gold medal, added to a sweepstakes of $20 each, to be divided between the four highest scorers. Result:

	Single.	Double.	Total.
Abe Kleinman	16	17	33
Miles Johnson	13	14	27
Dr. Talbot	14	12	26
E. H. Height	9	17	26
E. J. Hudson	11	12	23
G. F. Gildersleeve	5	14	19
J. R. Clark	7	15	22
P. A. Tucker	13	7	20
E. L. Mills	12	7	19
J. A. Nichols	9	7	16

The glass-ball shoot was governed by Bogardus' rules also (recently published in THE CLIPPER), each competitor to shoot at 100 balls, 18 yards, from Bogardus' traps, prizes as above. The result was:

W. "Edmunds"	86	E. L. Mills	81
E. Hudson	84	L. Smith	71
Dr. Talbot	80	F. Gildersleeve	68
Abe Kleinman	84	M. Johnson	6[illegible]

George Templeton did not finish his score. The first prize went to "Edmunds," that being the assumed name of a gentleman residing in Philadelphia, who, we believe, is not desirous of holding the badge. The second prize (cash) was divided by Talbot and Hudson, Kleinman taking third and Mills fourth. The prizes were presented by Capt. Bogardus at the Astor House on the evening of the 27th.

On Saturday, Dec. 28, Capt. Bogardus left $125 at this office, as a deposit for a challenge on behalf of his son Eugene to contend with Mr. Edmunds for the championship glassball badge won by the latter, as mentioned above.

A PIGEON MATCH for $400, W. Armstrong and C. Butler against Dr. Zellner and E. Templeton, each man to shoot at twenty-five birds, 30 yards rise, five traps, Hurlingham rules, came off at Erb's grounds, near Newark, N. J., on Saturday, Dec. 28. The weather was quite favorable, and a number of spectators watched the progress of the match and sampled the good things to be found in Erb's Hotel. The result of the shoot was as follows: Armstrong 21, Butler 16—total 37; Zellner 19, Templeton 18—total 37. The tie-shooting ended in the success of Armstrong and Butler, who killed 7 out of 8 shot at to their opponents' 3 out of 7.

THE SHREWSBURY GUN CLUB shot at glass balls for the club-badge at Red Bank, N. J., Dec. 24. A bitter wind came whistling from the north, in consequence the shots were not so good as usual. Each man fired at fifteen balls, 21 yards, and the scores were: S. W. Merford 12, G. A. Wild, G. Marshall and L. Campbell 11 each, H. C. White and J. B. Bergen 8, A. Coleman and T. Davis 7, C. Stillwell 6, S. Hendrickson 4. Merford won the gold badge, and Stillwell that of silver, neatly constructed of leather—a penalty Hendrickson only escaped by retiring after his twelfth shot.

MEMBERS of the Middlesex Shooting Club shot at glass balls for the club badge at Woodbridge, N. J., Dec. 28. Each contestant shot at fifteen balls, according to Bogardus' rules, with this result: George Ellwood 12, S. Holmes, D. H. Dobson and W. Hendricks 11 each, L. Cayson 9, Ed. Morgan and Chas. Oates 8, B. McCabe 6, O. M. Shoemaker 5. Sweepstakes shooting, ten balls apiece, followed, Dobson taking first money, and Hawkins and Oates dividing second in the first contest, and Morgan and McCabe respectively taking first and second money in the next.

A NATIONAL pigeon and glass-ball tournament is to be held at Syracuse, N. Y., on Feb. 20, 21, 22, the same to be governed by the rules framed by Capt. Bogardus. Miles Johnson will furnish the birds. Money-prizes, medals and badges will reward the winners, and many accomplished wing-shots, representing various parts of the country, are expected to participate.

THE DEPOSIT some time ago posted by Capt. Bogardus, with a challenge on behalf of his son, not having been accepted, by his direction we have applied the $100 to a challenge from Eugene Bogardus to Mr. Edmunds, elsewhere published.

PROPOSED PIGEON-FLYS.—The following programme of races has been arranged by the Troy, N. Y., Homing Pigeon Society: First race, May 9, 1879, from St. Johnsville, distance 54 miles; second, from Utica, May 17, distance 85½ miles; third, from Syracuse, May 24, distance 130½ miles; fourth, from Lyons, May 31, distance 74 miles; fifth, from Rochester, June 14, distance 206; sixth, from Buffalo, July 5, also the time for the inter-State flight, and the Troy club will correspond with the New York club for the purpose of ascertaining if the society would not be allowed to make the race from Rochester cover both the local and State contest for the prize of honor to be awarded that day. About fifty birds are expected to enter the first day's contest.

VARIETY HALLS.

Continued frompage 327.

CONLEY'S VARIETY THEATRE, St. Paul, Minn., continues to do a good business. Sam Glider and Tom Barton have returned from Milwaukee. An improvement has been effected by the transfer of the stage from the west to the east end of the hall, so that it now faces the entrance. The seating capacity has been increased.

MAE BENTZ'S MINSTRELS are to play in Cheyenne, W. T., Dec. 30, Boulder, Col., 31, Denver Jan. 1, 2, 1879, Georgetown 3, 4, Central City 6, 7, Ogden, Utah, 9, Salt Lake City 10, 11, Eureka, Nev., 13, 14, 15, Carson 17, 18, Virginia City 20, one week.

THE VICTORIA LOFTUS TROUPE played in Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 23, 24, 25, Rock Island, Ill., 27, Davenport 28, and in Moline 30, Burlington, Ia., 31, Quincy, Ill., Jan. 1, 1879, Hannibal, Mo., 2, Moberly 3, Kansas City Jan. 6, 7, 8.

THE "COLD WAVE" the past week only tended to increase business at the Olympic, Fort Wayne, Ind., where "Michael Earle," and "The Jibbenainosy" were on three nights, with W. Sommers Lowry in the leading roles, wrote our correspondent, constituting "The features of the olio were a neat nautical sketch by the Grinnells; North-of-Ireland farces by Donnelly and Drew; aerial flights by Eugene and Gaston; sensational changes by May Loder, and Dutch comic business by Chas. A. Loder. Chas. L. Davis and Emma Vern, the Parker Sisters—Kittie and Maggie—Daisy Remington and Howard Dorr and Son open to-night, and Jolly and May Loder to Indianapolis, Grinnels, Cincinnati, O.; Eugene and Gaston, Buffalo, N. Y.; and H. A. Dickeson, unknown."

AT WOODS' OPERA-HOUSE, Sacramento, Cal.—George F. Woods proprietor and Andy McClain business-manager—the company during the week ending Dec. 28 included James H. Griffith, Cooper and White, Ned Barry, Molly West, Kitty Belmont, Vivian Raymond, Emma Brown and Carrie Belmont.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

MCGREW'S MINSTRELS, lately organized in Steubenville, O., gave their first entertainment in Cadiz, O., Dec. 28.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS played in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house Dec. 23, 24, 25, to good business.

SWEATNAM'S MINSTRELS commence a traveling tour Jan. 20, 1879. One of the features of their entertainment will be a burlesque, "Gen. Grant's Trip Around the World," whice Manager Sweatnam has copyrighted, and warns all parties to let alone. The troupe will include seven comedians, a quartet and an orchestra among its performers. Dates can be secured by addressing as per card.

"GEN. GRANT'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD" continued the attraction at the Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, during Christmas-week; the new features being the Le Mond Brothers' caricatures and Frank Cushman's old-negro impersonations.

"LIFE IN THE CITY, or Philadelphia by Gaslight," was the novel feature of the programme presented by Carncross' Minstrels to large audiences in Philadelphia last week.

MCALLISTER'S MINSTRELS gave entertainments in Springfield, O., Dec. 23, National Soldiers' Home 24, Dayton 25, Troy 26, Piqua 27, Cambridge City, Ind., 28, and are billed in Muncie 30, Fort Wayne Jan. 1, 1879, Bluffton 2, Peru 3, Kokomo 4.

HORN & COLLINS' MINSTRELS played in Bridgeton, N. J., Dec. 25. The company announced included Eph Horn Jr., Add Collins, Harry Braun, Walter Wray, Al. Mortimer, Charley Price and W. L. Hirst.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS showed in Columbus, O., Dec. 23, 25, Newark 26, Circleville 26, Chillicothe 27, Washington C. H. 28, Xenia 30, Troy 31.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS played in Baltimore, Md., the past week under their own management, and not under that of John T. Ford, as our correspondent stated they would do. They are billed in Wilmington, Del., Dec. 30, Westchester, Pa., 31, New Brunswick, N. J., Jan. 1.

MUSICIANS, vocalists and specialty performers desiring engagements with Haverly's United Mastodon Minstrels are requested to address Wm. Foote, manager, as per advertisement.

IN AN ARTISTIC SENSE, the season of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., last week, was a great success, but pecuniarily it was somewhat the reverse, counter attractions being too much for them.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS open in the Fifth-avenue Lyceum, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 6, for a short season.

WELCH AND RICE have rejoined Sweatnam's Minstrels, Philadelphia.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS commence a week's engagement in the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Jan. 6, 1879.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS are to perform in Detroit, Mich., Jan. 9, 10, 11.

CIRCUSES.

THE BOSSET FAMILY, including six pantomimists, acrobats, gymnasts and musical specialty artists, among whom is Mlle. Realta, the French female Samson, are ready to accept engagements. They announce that this is the first opportunity circus-managers have had to engage them. They perform at the Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 30, New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 6, 1879, International Comique, Philadelphia, Pa., 13. See card.

CHAS. W. FISH the rider, who is now performing in Cuba with the Orrin Brothers' Circus, can be arranged with for the season of 1879. He has his own horses, and can be addressed as per card.

JAS. E. COOKE and wife, better known as Carlotta De Bergh, have recently arrived from South America, and can be secured for the coming season. See card.

CONCERNING CHIARINI'S CIRCUS a correspondent sends the following:

PANAMA, Dec. 7, 1878.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear sir:* Thinking it not unlikely that a few items of news regarding the profession in this part of the world might prove welcome to you, I send the following: Chiarini's Circus have just completed a successful tour through Peru and Bolivia. They gave three farewell performances in Lima, appearing in the bull-ring three successive Sundays. The first Sunday a bear and bull fight was given—receipts are said to have been $8,000. The second, Brazilian tigers and bull-fight—receipts reported as $6,000. Third, Chiarini's benefit, hippodrome and circus—drawing $1,000. From Lima they went to Callao, where they played ten nights to good business. On Nov. 25 they embarked for Guayaquil, Ecuador, where they are now performing. G. Agrati, for seven years associated with Mr. Chiarini, and for the last two years agent for Cooper & Bailey during their trip to Australia, Java and Peru, has rejoined Chiarini, and arrived in this city D.-c. 1 to make arrangements for their appearance here 21 for four nights; then through the Central American States, Costa Rica, San Salvador and Guatemala. They expect to arrive in San Francisco in April next. The members of the company are all in good health, and I think only show folks can be under all circumstances. I hailed with delight the two latest numbers of THE CLIPPER, which I found here.

I remain yours respectfully, AN OLD SHOWMAN.

WINGFIELD AND GREGORY can be engaged for the coming wintering season. Their specialities are double horizontal-bars, dancing-barrel and magic table and balancing trapeze. They can be addressed care of this office.

THE KENNEBEL BROTHERS, the French clowns, who are both musical specialists, can be engaged for 1879. See card.

AT THE ORRIN BROTHERS' CIRCUS, Havana, Cuba, Sam Hines and Mlle. Josephine, "the woman with the living limb," opened Dec. 18. William Conrad and dogs and Frank Howes and the Broncho horses left for New York 21. Pico the clown is reported as having made a hit in a stilt act.

J. L. HUTCHINSON will control all the privileges with the Great London Show and Cooper & Bailey's International Circus and Menagerie next season.

W. C. COUP'S EQUESCURRICULUM received a liberal share of patronage in Philadelphia during Christmas-week, Charles H. Day's benefit, on afternoon and evening of Dec. 27, being especially well attended. Billy Porter and Billy Burke, clowns, were among the numerous volunteers on that occasion. Miss Millie Christine and the Magri Brothers closed 28. The Equescurriculum will close in Philadelphia Jan. 4.

IDA ANNIE QUIRK, daughter of Wm. H. and Pauline M. Bachelier, who was born in New Orleans, La., Dec. 13 last, died there 19.

MME. CORDELIA can be engaged for the coming season to perform in principal trick-act, four-horse act, and tight rope. See card.

PERFORMERS in all branches of the profession desiring engagements with the Metropolitan Circus, Havana, Cuba, are referred to Orrin Brothers & Co.'s card.

P. T. BARNUM'S circus and theatrical stock, including wardrobes, cages, wagons, museum stuff, etc., can be purchased. He advertises these articles for sale in another column.

W. B. AYMAR, who has just arrived from Australia, has taken quarters in Jersey City, N. J., at the advertised address, and gone into training with his family.

PROF. GEO. WAMBOLD, equilibrist and contortionist, who, with his troupe of dogs, has but recently returned from Australia with Cooper & Bailey's circus, can be secured for the tenting season. See card.

AT THE HOT SPRINGS, ARK., Tom Toole and wife, Mike Coyle, G. Brooks Clark, Mr. Williams and Thomas Mumford of Forepaugh's Show, and Charles Derrick of Cooper & Bailey's Circus celebrated Christmas.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROBINSON, wife of John Robinson, the veteran circus-manager, died of cancer of the liver, in the family mansion, corner of Seventh and College streets, Cincinnati, O., at ten o'clock on the morning of Dec. 24. Elizabeth Chance Bloomer was born in Madison, Ind., March 4, 1825, and when she was three years of age her parents removed to Cincinnati, where they resided until 1837, when they went to New Orleans, La., and subsequently there she first met Mr. Robinson, who was professionally engaged in that city. On Jan. 5, 1841, they crossed the Mississippi River to Algiers, and were there married. The fruit of this union was six children, five boys and one girl—John F., Gilbert, James H., Frank M., Katie V. (afterward Mrs. Robert Stickney), and Charles M. Mrs. Stickney died in Cincinnati Feb. 6, 1874. The female portion of the family has passed away, leaving the male intact. Mrs. Robinson was for some years a performer in her husband's circus, riding a menage act. She was an exemplary woman, a devoted mother, and much esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Her funeral took place Dec. 26, and was largely attended by relatives, friends, and many prominent families of that city. The floral tributes were numerous and exceptionally beautiful. An offering of Robert Morgan represented a wheat-field. From the moss representing the turf the stubbles of straw stuck up. In the centre rose a shock of fully ripened wheat-tops, garnered in the usual way. Lying across this was a floral sickle of exquisite workmanship. Around the whole of this field, which was three feet by two and oval in shape, ran a wreath, six inches broad, of rarest buds. Inwrought in this, in purple violets, was the single word "Gathered." This tribute was striking in its effect, but not much more touching than another legend, running across an immense oval design, "Our Mother." Besides these were a huge broken column, standing at least four feet high; a harp and crown from John Lolo; and numerous other crosses, crowns, anchors and other designs, all of fine and lavish workmanship. The remains were inclosed in a costly and beautiful casket, from which was borne to the Robinson Chapel, lately built by Mr. Robinson in Spring Grove Cemetery as a mausoleum for the family dead, and placed beside the coffined clay of the deceased daughter, Mrs. Stickney. Rev. Dr. Flower of the Ninth-street Christian Church preached the funeral sermon and officiated at the vault. The three sons of the deceased and one son-in-law (Robert Stickney) officiated as pallbearers.

THE BROWN FAMILY, including Mollie Brown, Madame and W. C. Brown, can be engaged with three horses, for the tenting season. Also C. W. Farrel, treasurer or assistant. See card.

SIG. FORESTELLE, sword-swallower and performer in feats of strength, advertises for engagements.

BURR ROBBINS' Circus and Menagerie is reorganizing for the coming season. Performers and specialties are wanted. See card.

E. W. WIGGINS has been visiting his home, in Detroit, Mich., for the holidays.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAGIC-LANTERN outfits are bought and sold by Geo. J. Goldthorpe, who advertises.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Belleville, Ill., is open for rental. It is lighted with gas, has good scenery, and will seat 700 persons. B. J. West Jr., the proprietor, advertises particulars in another column.

G. W. HALL has added to his sideshow, now exhibiting in Little Rock, Ark., Levi P. Hopkins, twenty-four years of age, who is said to be three feet high and weighs seventy pounds, but whose head, which measures three feet in circumference, weighs more than his body.

THE FIRST PUBLIC HALL in Bound Brook, N. J., which has a seating capacity for 480 persons and is called the Bound Brook Opera-house, was dedicated Dec. 25, an entertainment of songs, recitations and instrumental performances being given, under the management of C. C. Rawlings.

A GOOD PERFORMER of cabinet tricks is wanted by Mr. and Mrs. Grey for a spirit company. See card.

ELI PERKINS, who lectured in Camden, N. J., Dec. 27, Hazleton, Pa., 28, is to visit Bloomfield, N. Y., 30, Rosendale Jan. 3, 1879, Wallingford, Ct., 8, Newport, R. I., 9, Altoona, Pa., 11.

FRANK GIBSON, business-agent, can be engaged after Jan. 1, 1879. See card.

COM. FOOTE AND SISTER'S TROUPE are traveling through Michigan, and reported as doing good business. C. C. Hood joined as advance-agent Dec. 14, and Prof. H. O. Hudson, violinist and humorist, in Lawton, Mich. The party will rest during the holidays, and then go South.

ALL KINDS OF DANCING-SHOES are made by A. Lacroix, who advertises.

JOHN E. LEWIS, assistant agent, can be addressed care of this office.

PROFESSIONALS can secure good accommodations on a very reasonable rates at the Nevada Hotel, Chicago, of which Thomas Kendrick is the proprietor. See card.

IN PHILADELPHIA, at the Permanent Exhibition roller-skating was the chief feature of attraction during Christmas-week..... Of the two chimpanzees on exhibition at the Zoological Garden since May last, one died on Dec. 27. The female chimpanzee contracted a cold about two weeks ago, and, having been seized with inflammation of the bowels, suddenly dropped dead..... Prof. Houston lectured on "Atmospheric Pressure" at the Franklin Institute 27..... Millie Christine and the Magri Brothers will be exhibited at Concert Hall for a short season, commencing 30.

IN HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Hon. Wm. Parsons lectured on "Old Homer and the Discoveries of Dr. Schliemann" Dec. 23..... Robert J. Burdette is to lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache" Jan. 6, 1879.

I. BLOOM & BRO., whose announcement find in our business department, will sell job lots of silk tights and hose at a considerable sacrifice for the next thirty days, on account of removal.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS for Mme. Anderson the pedestrian can be addressed to her manager, J. H. Webb, as per card.

HARRY WESTON, business agent, is disengaged. See card.

THE GREAT WESTERN HOTEL, Philadelphia, Pa., is brought to the notice of professionals in a card from J. K. Trauck, the proprietor, published elsewhere. It is conveniently situated as regards the various places of amusement, and offers good accommodation at reduced rates.

A PARTY with capital for a traveling attraction is wanted by Harry Weston, who advertises.

O. W. HART is requested to send his address to E. W. Wiggins, as per card.

THOMAS E. CRIDY, assistant agent and programmer, who has just concluded an engagement with Tremaine's Sun Picture, advertises for a position.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Newark, N. J., is for sale, or it can be rented by applying to A. F. Spaeth, as per card.

J. O. O'CONNOR, aided by Miss Charlotte Lindsay and Master Spong, is to give readings in Williamsburg, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1879, Newark, N. J., 4.

JAMES E. MURDOCH is to give readings in Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 6.

H. J. CLAPHAM, manager or agent, advertises for an engagement.

CHAS. MELVILLE, business-manager and agent, advertises elsewhere for an engagement.

A NEW PUBLIC HALL, called Palladio Hall, has been completed in Boston (Mass.) Highlands, and will soon be opened. It is 44ft. long, 28ft. wide, and will seat three hundred and fifty people, the stage being 18ft. wide by 17ft. deep, and is provided with green and painted drop-curtains and six sets of scenery.....Kellar the magician continued in Horticultural Hall the past week in ten entertainments to a liberal attendance. Dec. 30 fourth and last week of his stay..... The last month of the exhibition of "The Siege of Paris" is announced, and the picture, building and paraphernalia will be taken to San Francisco, arrangements for its transportation thither having been concluded..... A sacred concert was given Dec. 29, at which the Ninth Regiment Band and the Alabama Jubilee Singers appeared..... Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle, has been added to the exhibition of the microphone and telephone at the Old South Church..... An entertainment was given in the hall of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association 26 by Mrs. Laura E. Dainty, reader; Miss Rosele Hamlin, soprano; Louis P. Phan, tenor; and Willis Barber, pianist..... James E. Fields read from the works of Thomas Gray; and Oliver Goldsmith at Hawthorne Hall morning of 24..... At Unibo Hall, on Christmas evening, Professor Moses T. Brown read Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

AMATEUR.

THE FOOTLIGHT CLUB of Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., gave their ninth performance at Eliot Hall Dec. 24, when "Dot" was played, the principal characters being sustained by Mrs. Ellen Frothingham, Miss Minnie Francis (Edwin, Helen O Bigelow, Mary C. Sweet, and the Messrs. George A. O. Ernst, Francis S. Sturgis, J. Edward Priest, and Arthur H. Dodd..... "Home" and "The Trials of Peemplins" were played by the Boylston Comedy Company in Turn Hall 25..... The Boston Comedy Company are to give a performance in Turn Hall Jan. 6, when "The Honeymoon" and "A Cup of Tea" will be acted.

THE INVINCIBLE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed "Meg's Diversion" Dec. 23..... The Wheatley produced "Lost in London" 25..... The Mirror tendered "Playing with Fire" 24..... The Shakespeare appeared in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" 26..... The Bonsteadt per formed "The Drunkard" 27..... The Charles Walcot, a new dramatic association, appeared in "Richelieu" 27..... "School" was performed at Wheatley Hall 27 for the benefit of C. B. Maywood and J. K. Bernard of the Mirror.

"THE DRUMMER-BOY OF SHILOH" was produced in Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 24, under the auspices of the G. A. R., and will be continued up to and including Jan. 1, 1879. Our correspondent says: "The attendance so far has been fair, and the piece is receiving a creditable production. The leading role of Mart Howard is capitally portrayed by T. J. Lanahan, the most prominent assistance being rendered by Miss Rose Connell, that of a negro, receives full justice at the hands of A. F. Nell, a professional, who is interested in the piece. The remaining characters are assumed by members of the G. A. R. and associates."

THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Newark, N. J., present Jan. 1, 2, 1879, "The Rivals," the cast including Denis Murry, the late backer of Hughes the pedestrian.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"LA PRINCESSE BOROWSKA," a new five-act drama by M. Corvin, has been produced at the Ambigu Comique, Paris. A correspondent has the following to say concerning the story: "The husband of the unsympathetic heroine has been exiled to Siberia for taking part in the Polish insurrection of 1864. During his absence his wife, the Princess, not only squanders his fortune in ruinous dissipation and adventures all over Europe, but also sacrifices his honor by becoming the mistress of his cousin, Ladislas. During three years Prince Borowska shares the terrible existence of his fellow exiles, and at the expiration of that period obtains his liberty by the declaration of the amnesty. The Princess, who hesitates at no infamy which could prolong her shameless life of dissipation, contrives to have him again arrested and condemned on a charge of murder. A Polish peasant had been killed by the insurgents, and the names of these unfortunate victims were discovered written in the Prince's handwriting on a piece of paper which he had left in his wife's custody. Far from ordaining their death, Borowska had wished to safeguard these very lives, for the sake of his family; but the Princess contrives that the paper shall fall into the hands of an old Russian general who is paying her assiduous court, and Borowska is suspected, tried and then condemned to renewed banishment. The Princess can, therefore, continue her scandalous life, for her husband will never return. Fortune, however, suddenly seems to change, of course, by his severe labor in the mines, and he comes to execute justice this time, for he knows all. The first person he meets in the Princess' house is his cousin Ladislas, and you may imagine how he treats him. The Prince will not condescend to meet his wife's lover in a duel, but orders him to commit suicide, a behest which the latter declines to obey, whereupon Borowska is about to cut him down like a dog, when the sight of his son by a former marriage, and who, during his absence, has been the guardian-angel of the family, intervenes, bringing with her a little brother and sister, over whose tender years she has once carefully watched. The father's ire is subdued by the entreaties of his children—and he will forgive their mother. The piece does not, however, finish thus. The Princess does not accept her husband's pardon, but kills herself by lodging the contents of a musket in her bosom, while Ladislas blows out his brains."

"FLEUR D'ORANGER," a vaudeville in three acts, being the joint work of MM. Hennequin, Grange and Victor Bernard, with music by W. Cooke, was presented at the Theatre Nouveautes, Paris. Flora, or "Fleur d'Oranger," the heroine of the piece, is a diva of operetta, who, as her sobriquet indicates, has been in the revel from compromising her fair fame by an aunt who has gained experience by experience. But despite her virtue, or, perhaps, on account of it, the little songstress is surrounded by sighing admirers, among the orchestra conductor, a timid and sentimental admirer; Pommerol, a rich banker, already in "the sere and yellow leaf;" Viscount d'Ermenonville, as he styles himself, in reality M. Bloomer Moulin Rouge, who has left his wife at a Norman bathing-place in order to court Flora in Paris; and finally M. Boucart, a grotesque personage supposed to be a millionaire, and on that account much in favor with the prima donna. But the actual lover is Gontran, a servant that Boucart has merely an ex-prompter of a provincial theatre, and is engaged to Jacquotte, Durozel's cook. Madame Durozel had mistaken him for a tutor sent down to her son, and, after the manner of Mrs. Malaprop, a rival of her husband with Flora. We shall not attempt to narrate all the details of the imbroglio. We are shown the sea-shore at Villers, the Cafe des Ambassadeurs in the Champs Elysees, and the dressing-room of Mlle. Flora. Of course all ends for the best. Fleur d'Oranger marries the conductor; M. Durozel vows solemnly to his wife that he will never repeat his tricks of fruitless inconstancy; Pommerol has to bewail the loss of his money; Boucart, the millionaire, who has acted his role of seducer to perfection; and a collegian named Ernest will return to his lectures to reflect on the danger of inviting an actress to supper when one has only fifteen francs in his pocket. The piece is amusing and rather pretty; but the piece, as I have said, is wanting in wit, and its bustle does not compensate for a lack of comic incidents. Mlle Jane Theo sustained the part of the heroine.

THE NOVELTIES in preparation for the holidays by Parisian managers were: Grand Opera, "La Reine Berthe," an opera in two acts, by Gounod; a two-act Japanese ballet; Porte St. Martin, "Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant;" Gymnase, "L'Age Ingrat," a three act comedy; Folies Dramatiques, "Madame Favart," an opera-bouffe in three acts; Galte, Offenbach's "Brigands," reconstructed, and extensively got up with ballets (Christian and Pechard play in it); Chatelet, a fantastic old fairy spectacle "Rhotomago;" and two new revues, one at the Folies Marigny, and the other at the Athenee Comique.

WM. MACKINTOSH, an actor of repute in the provinces, will make his debut in London during the ensuing season as Dr. Penguin in "A Scrap of Paper."

"THE PHORMIO" of Terence was the Latin play chosen this year for representation by the Westminster scholars, the first performance being given at St. Peter's College Dec. 12.

THE NEW THEATRE at Monte-Carlo, built by M. Garnier, architect of the Paris Opera, will be inaugurated in January with a new comic opera, called the "Chevalier Gaston," the words by M. Pierre Vernon, the music by M. Planquette.

MISS DORA MARSHALL (Dorothea Marie Louise Savory) was on Dec. 10 united in marriage to Wm. R. Glenney, son of T. H. Glenney.

W. H. ROSELLE (Wm. Hawkins) died at his residence, Portland Villas, London Fields, Dec. 18.

THE PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE, Paris, was at last accounts closed for rehearsals of D'Ennery's spectacular eleven-act drama, founded on Jules Verne's novel, and called "Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant."

THE FUNERAL of Frederick Gye took place at Norwood Cemetery Dec. 9, and was quite private, being attended only by a few intimate personal friends and some old and attached servants. The simple inscription on the coffin was "Frederick Gye, aged 68." Covent-garden Theatre was closed on the 9th out of respect to the memory of the deeply regretted lessee.

THE REMAINS of Alfred Wigan were interred at Kensal Green Cemetery, London, Dec. 14. The funeral being of a quiet character. The coffin was of oak, and had brass fittings, with a brass plate bearing the following inscription: "Alfred Sidney Wigan, died at Folkestone Nov. 29, 1878, aged 60 years."

VARIETY HALLS.

LEONA DARE receives this flattering notice in *The London Era*: "Since Leotard flew like an impetuous bird through the air at the Alhambra, nothing has been seen in the art of gymnastics at once so graceful, finished and well considered as the performances of Mlle. Leona Dare at the Oxford. The suspension of a heavy man by a lady's teeth is marvelous enough, but there is a higher art than this in the general entertainment. That slow descent of the rope, in studied and finished attitude, may, without exaggeration, be quoted as the poetry of motion."

RIOT IN A MUSIC HALL.—A disgraceful riot and wanton destruction of property took place at the Star Music Hall, Leith, Eng., Dec. 7. The hall had been closed for decorations, and was opened on that night by Robert Douglas with a new company. From some unexplained cause several artists announced failed to put in an appearance, but everything went smoothly until about nine o'clock, when a number of roughs who had not paid forced their way into the hall just as the manager was apologizing for the non-appearance of Beaumont Hughes. This was the signal for what followed. The audience (led by the roughs) commenced to tear up the seats, kick in panels, and completely destroy the furniture of the hall. An attempt was also made to tear down the gas-fittings. When satisfied with what they had done to the hall the mob retired to the street, where they finished up by throwing stones and destroying the large lamps on each side and most of the front windows. But, hearing the police were coming, they decamped. Five members of the force then appeared on the scene, and, after they had reformed the sufferers that they must find out the names and addresses of the parties and summon them. The damage is estimated at £60.

MME. J. WALTER, sister of Madame Lupino, died at Nottingham, Eng., Dec. 10.

ABOUT THREE O'CLOCK on Monday morning, Dec. 9, during the prevalence of a snowstorm, an accident of a most disastrous character occurred to the Northumberland Music Hall, North Shields, Eng., of which S. R. Chisholm is the lessee. It appears that, owing to the snowstorm during the previous few days, a very large quantity of snow was lying on the roof of the music-hall, and its immense weight had caused the roof to give way and fall with a tremendous crash upon the interior of the building, damaging the scenery, fittings, etc., to a considerable amount. Fortunately, no person was near at the time, or the consequences might have been fatal. The hall is so much damaged that it will have to be taken down and rebuilt.

WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

Although I hope to see the day when the rudiments of medical science and the laws of health will form branches of education in all public schools, still I have never counseled the self-treatment of even simple diseases if skilled medical advice could be easily obtained. Nevertheless, there are times and emergencies, when (it may be with the life of some dear friend at stake) even to know a little, and practice it, may be to effect much. Medical men cannot be everywhere at one time, and to know what to do till the doctor comes is at times a matter of the very highest importance.

In the present paper I shall only take notice of those accidents and emergencies which are of everyday occurrence, and where a little timely aid may often save a precious life; and also give some of the most common symptoms, of coming illness, and threatened inflammation, which, if treated in time, may often be warded off entirely.

I shall commence with the more simple, and go on by degrees to the more dangerous kinds of accidents.

EPISTAXIS, commonly called bleeding at the nose. This is always a troublesome and often a dangerous complaint, and sometimes medical aid has to be summoned in order to plug the posterior nares or nostrils. It is commonly met with in people of the sanguineous temperament. Excitement of any kind brings on an attack, cold, over-fatigue, and derangement of the stomach from intemperance in eating or drinking. Hence these ought to be avoided as much as possible. It ought to be remembered that it is less dangerous in young people, and is often more a relief than otherwise; but in grown-up folks it is dangerous, especially if it accrues to a person otherwise in a low state of health. In the former case it should not be checked too soon, if the sufferer be plethoric or of full habit of body. In order to check the flow of blood the more simple means are first to be tried, namely, the application of cold. The forehead and face ought to be laved repeatedly, and some cold instrument, such as a key or sword-blade, placed on the spine. If it is obstinate, the head must be kept up, and the ice-bag applied both to the forehead and spine, rest and quiet enjoined, and ten-grain doses of gallic acid administered three or four times a day. (N. B.—A large pinch of powdered gum-arabic taken as snuff, and once or twice repeated, often proves most effectual). You must not, however, forget that frequent attacks of hemorrhage from the nose indicate a state of the constitution which calls aloud for medical interference.

WOUNDS.—It is to hemorrhage, or bleeding from wounds, that I have to direct your attention at present. Except to the surgeon, the sight of blood dashing about is always extremely alarming, and to the sufferer himself the shock or fright almost invariably does more harm than the actual loss of blood. But in cases of wounds of the limbs, and even head, it is some comfort to bear in mind that such a thing as actual bleeding to death is rare, and also that the average human body contains about 300 ounces of blood, or nearly two gallons. In attending to a wounded person, be calm yourself. This is half the battle. Send for medical advice at once, and do not forget to make the messenger tell the surgeon the nature of the case to which he is summoned.

When an artery is wounded the case is most urgent: this is known by the blood escaping from the wound in jets, and by its being of a bright-vermilion color. If the wound is in a limb, lose no time in applying a bandage round it above the wound—that is, nearer the heart. The bandage ought to have a pad on it to compress the artery—a handkerchief with a knot in it does as well as anything. You can guess about the position of the artery by imagining a straight line from the wound to about the middle of the highest joint. After you have put on the bandage, insert a piece of stick between it and the skin at the back of the limb, and twist it round, tightening it until the flow of blood ceases, but no further. Then attend to the wound itself by applying cold wet compresses. If the wound is in the neck or head, pressure must be made with the thumb, or with any round, smooth, hard article covered with a bit of flannel, or even your handkerchief—one has no time to be nice. I have used the handle of a jack-knife; and I remember using an empty ink-bottle on the temporal artery of an old Scottish earl who had fallen downstairs. I had to command the hemorrhage for two hours, and my thumbs got tired.

In some wounds in the body a pledget of lint may be used to plug the wounds, or a rag of any sort, and a pad and pressure applied over that.

What are called styptics, of which tincture of iron is the best, are useful to check bleeding when it is confined to mere oozing, or in bleeding from cavities where pressure cannot be well applied. And now just one word on

BITES AND STINGS.—In some parts of Africa where I have been, the bite of the great green centipede is considered by the natives far more dangerous than that of the scorpion, or even certain snakes. I have seen several cases of erysipelas from the bites of mosquitoes or bedbugs. These cases are easily treated; removal of the cause or removal from the cause is the first indication; then a saline aperient ought to be given, and the swollen part bathed and fomented with poppy-head water. A piece of common washing-soda, wetted and rubbed over the bitten part once or twice, will invariably remove the poison. If cold lotions are found more agreeable they may be tried. The liquid ammonia is also useful in neutralizing the poison. The bitten part only needs to be touched with it.

The same treatment is applicable for wasp-stings and bee-stings, only the bee is more dangerous than the wasp, as it invariably leaves the sting behind. This must be carefully extracted, and the wounded part washed before the ammonia is applied. If no ammonia is at hand, take washing soda; if no soda, use olive oil.

If a person has the misfortune to be bitten with a snake, symptoms of poisoning very speedily ensue, such as great agitation and depression of the whole nervous system, general weakness, and burning pain in the bitten parts. The bite is generally in the arm or leg. A ligature must be tied tightly round the limb, just a little higher up than the wound, which must first be sucked and then cauterized. (N. B.—There is positively no danger to the person who sucks the wound). Cauterizing

HIS NEW YEAR'S PROMISE:

Showing How Mr. Young Made Calls Socially Without Touching Wine.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

No poet yet hath ever sung—
Nor is it writ in prose—
The story of J. Thomas Young;
Accordingly, here goes.

I.

It was a nice young married man,
Fond of societee;
His wife was of a pious mind,
But not so pious he.
In fact, he had been often known
To get upon a spree.
Wherefore, when New Year's Day drew nigh,
To him the young wife spake:
"Oh, promise me, dear Thomas, that
No proffered wine you'll take
When you go forth, as is your wont,
Your New-Year's calls to make."
The husband smote his manly breast
And thus he did reply:
"Though Murphy offered me a cup
Of Heidsick's extra dry;
Though Talmage should invite me up
A glass of port to try;
Though your beloved mother should
Pour out the nectar bright;
Though Oliver should say: 'We'll have
A Cotter's Saturday night'—
Though these temptations should beset
(They'll not, I do opine),
But if they should, I swear, my pet,
I'll touch no drop of wine!"

II.

The New Year dawns, and from his house
The husband gayly goes.
In white cravat and glossy hat
He's blooming as a rose.
His boots are like his manners, for
They both are polished well;
Yet not like him, for they are tight,
As anyone can tell.
Call No. 1 he makes upon
An old and bosom friend;
The friend is out, but the friend's young wife
A greeting doth extend.
And asks if Mrs. A. "receives,"
If there are many out,
If baskets are abundant, and
What Mrs. B.'s about?
These questions put, she smiles and says
The weather's very fine,
And—will her caller please step out
And take a glass of wine?
She rises to conduct him forth,
But Thomas bids her stop.
"No, no," he says, "Of wine to-day
I cannot touch a drop."
The hostess in amazement stares
Such words as these to hear,
But quickly brightens up and says:
"Well, come and have some beer!"
Weak Jeremiah Thomas Young
A moment hesitates,
Then, smiling, gets upon his feet,
And thus his case he states:
"I am a man who keeps his word,
Nor lets his conscience sting;
I vowed that I no wine would touch,
But—beer's another thing!"
Whereat he quaffed the lager down,
All in a merry mood,
And, having finished No. 1,
His calling he pursued.

III.

Call No. 2 was at the house
Of a goodly Alderman,
Whom Thomas had assisted when
He first for office ran.
"Come in, come in," the statesman said;
"You are the kind of gent
For whom I gladly set 'em up—
My staunch constituent.
There shall be no retirement here
While you are guest of mine;
I move that we proceed at once
To open up some wine!"
But Thomas only heaved a sigh,
And firmly shook his head.
"A solemn promise I have made
To touch no wine," he said.
"No wine!" the Alderman exclaimed.
"You've promised?—then I'd state
The resolution I'll amend,
And make it whiskey straight!"
"'Tis well," quoth Tom. "I would not break
For worlds my solemn vow,
But whiskey is a different thing
From wine, and so—here's how!"

IV.

At No. 3 they pressed him hard,
But still no wine he'd take.
"My promises," he proudly said,
"No power on earth can shake!"
The charming hostess smiled and said:
"You're right. 'Twould be a sin
For me to tempt you wine to take—
Pray have a little gin!"
He seized the lady by the hand:
"No wine til-day I'll sip,
But, as I am Tom Young, I'll take
Of good Old Tom a nip!"
Thus slowly into Satan's snares
Did Jeremiah slip.

V.

At Nos. 4 and 5 and 6,
At 7 and 8 and 9,
'Twas still the same—he never touched
A single drop of wine;
But at each house he entered in
He moistened his moustache,
Now with a steaming whiskey-hot,
Now with a brandy-smash.
And so the New-Year's Day it sped,
And darkness filled the sky,
And Thomas gazed up at the stars,
Which, like himself, were high.
Some forty calls or more he made
While ranging round the town,
Wherefore 'twas not surprising that
He suddenly sat down.
A lamp-post danced before his eyes—
He could not tell the cause;
Indeed, my hero at this stage
A doubting Thomas was.
He doubted much, he doubted long,
But what he doubted most
Was whether he was Thomas Young
Or yet the dancing post!
This knotty problem was at last
By a policeman solved,
Who, arm-in-arm with Thomas, towards
The station house revolved.
In doing which he satisfied
My doubting hero's mind,
For, while he took J. Thomas up,
He left the post behind.
And willingly did Thomas go,
Without a growl or whine;
He only muttered now and then:
"I-hic-es-drank-no wine!"

MORAL.

Next morning, when the Justice fat
Imposed the usual fine,
He gazed at Thomas Young's silk hat
(Which did no longer shine),
And merely said: "Henceforth, young man,
You'd better stick to wine!"

DRIFTING TO DOOM;

OR

A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WM. EYSTER,

Author of "*King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis*," "*Branded and Blind*," "*Wild Nat's Brigade*," "*Ianthe*," "*The Free Trapper's Pass*," "*Through War and Fire*," "*The Haunted Hunter*," *Etc.*

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CHAPTER XVI.

A STRANGE RECOGNITION—A FLIGHT FROM DANGER.

Charles Taylor revived slowly from the effects of the blow received from the hand of Dr. Williams. His head was hard enough, his ability to endure punishment by no means small; but the stroke was given in right good earnest, upon a vulnerable spot, by a man who was no tyro in the use of his fists. By-and-bye there came a humming and drumming in the ears of the prostrate man. Life was coming back, and with it some singular sensations. Suddenly the cloud of darkness rolled away, and he became aware of the fact that he was lying on the floor, his back to the doorway, and that someone was approaching who bore a lighted lamp. Although the footsteps pattered lightly upon the carpeted floor, and seemed to indicate that this person was neither heavy in build nor brave by nature, Taylor still remained motionless. His strength was gone, and he feared that the coming person would prove no friend.

The lamp shone brighter as the bearer stood in the doorway, bending almost over the prostrate form which lay in the hall. Then Taylor heard an exclamation of surprise and terror, which evidently issued from feminine lips, and on the instant he felt his strength renewed and his courage returned. Here was sympathy, and perhaps aid.

The young man turned over and staggered to his knees. Looking upward, the light for a moment blinded him, falling, as it did, directly in his eyes. He closed them for a moment whilst he collected his still scattered senses. Then, raising his hands with an involuntary gesture of supplication, he looked straight up at the woman before him.

She stood there, just one step from the doorway, the lamp upheld, her eyes beaming, her rich, red lips half parted, a look of inquiry on her face. She was a woman of nerve, since, the first impulse over, she uttered no cry, disclosed no terror. In the man before her she saw no enemy, though she might not know who he was, and she waited for him to speak as if possessed with the expectancy of a revelation.

"Pardon, lady," he began, and his knee was still bent, his face still upturned. "God be my witness, I had no intention ——"

He paused suddenly, and a great wave thrilled through him that on the instant drowned his words in a flood of fresh excitement. In the woman before him he recognized Annie Alden.

We have already intimated that Charles Taylor had a dream, and that the dream was called Annie. That there was the remotest possibility of her being in this house, however, Taylor had not suspected, since he had supposed that she was a resident of Boston, where he had seen her a few times, and once or twice had the privilege of speaking to her.

The change of tone first, followed by a sudden silence upon the part of the young man, had its effect upon this young woman. She looked at him more closely, and cast her eyes upwards as if in thought. When she turned those beautiful orbs again upon Taylor there was in them a gleam of recognition, and she extended her hand with a friendly gesture.

"I remember your face, sir, and I believe your name is Taylor, is it not? You once did me a great service—perhaps you may repeat the favor. Can you tell me what has happened?"

Taylor rose to his feet as she spoke, and stood in a respectful attitude. He was calmer now, and listened with a look more pleased than excited. She remembered him, she recognized him on the instant, he might be again of service to her! Well, he had risked his life once when he flung himself headlong after her under the iron-shod hoofs of a pair of plunging, maddened horses; he was ready to run the same risks, or greater ones, in her service.

"Taylor is my name. That and the remembrance of the little service to which you have alluded may cause you to suspend your judgment until you understand the cause of my appearance here."

"One moment—are you my friend or my foe?"

"Am I your friend?"

The young man tossed the question back; but not in the same shape in which it came to him. Am I your friend, as it come from his lips, meant volumes. The tone, the look, which accompanied the words, the very reiteration of the inquiry, were a combined declaration and reproach. At once Annie saw that the man before her was more than a friend; he was a slave.

"Ah, you are a friend. Then stand by me, for I need help."

Having said this, she beckoned with her finger, and turned to re-enter the room from which she had emerged. Amazed and almost doubting the evidence of his senses, Taylor followed. No wonder that he was alarmed, perplexed, amazed. His troubles with the Maguires, the astounding actions of a man in the position of Dr. Williams, and the crowning mystery, his meeting here with Annie Alden, were sufficient to bewilder his brain, still in a turmoil from the blow which had stricken him down.

When Taylor entered the room with hesitating steps he allowed the door to remain open. His guide passed on towards another door, in the rear of the apartment, which she opened. When she glanced back she saw that the young man was not following; that he had halted, and placed his hands over his eyes, and was apparently striving to collect his scattered thoughts.

"It is no dream," she said softly. "Close the door, look it and follow me."

At sound of the voice Charles Taylor started, turned round, locked the door and followed silently.

Once within the second room, she spoke to him again:

"You say you are my friend, and I believe you. Your life and my liberty are in danger. I must leave this house without being seen, and I would gladly have your escort."

He broke out at this.

"Ah, it was for you, then, that I have been building a prison. Forgive me—I had thought it was for myself. You are right; we must fly, and that right quickly. There is some terrible mystery here of which I do not care to know the history. It is enough that you are the object of attack. But that other woman—she who fell into my arms—who was she?"

"For the present never mind. I believe that she has nothing to fear, whilst we are wasting time, lingering in danger. Have you recovered your strength and courage? If so, let us leave at once."

"Yes, yes. Attend one moment. I am at present a marked man among the miners upon the mountain-side. It was the knowledge that I was under this ban that no doubt emboldened the man who directed my labors to inveigle me into this house, and use force to compel me to work his will. Your danger lies here; my greatest danger lies without. I can guard you through the darkness, protect you from danger this night; but with the morrow I will have my own dangers to face, with which I would not willingly have you connected. Now for a means of exit."

"The window, of course. It would be unsafe and unwise to risk a passage through the halls; it might serve to call upon us an attention which might not be so easy to evade. If we go silently, my absence will probably not be noticed before morning."

"But the means? We cannot fly away."

"Oh, it is not twenty feet to the ground. A few strips of bed-clothing will afford us a ladder. I would sooner cast myself from the window to the ground than risk another hour's stay in this house this night; so you cannot suppose I would fear to trust myself by any likely avenue. We might take the bedcord; but it may suit better to leave it there, and time presses. Here, hasten and tear these."

As she spoke, the young woman was acting rapidly. She pulled from a press three or four stout linen sheets and cast them into the arms of Taylor, who at once acted upon her suggestion. With his pocket-knife he cut a couple of starting-places in each sheet, and then, with as many vigorous waves of his arms, tore them into strips. These the two deftly knotted into a rope, and with it in his hand Taylor approached the window.

This side of the house was in shadow. It would require an observer to be almost at the very wall to enable him to see the flight. The rope was made fast and swung out. Annie clasped it with her hands, and slowly and steadily was lowered. When she had touched the ground Taylor followed.

When the two together were safe upon the ground they did not linger, but hastened away into the darkness.

CHAPTER XVII.—BIRDS OF THE NIGHT.

Through the dark shadows that covered the mountain-side a dozen men came silently from different points of the compass. They were all bound for the same spot, and all united in the same business. The trysting-place of these birds of the night was a spot chosen with some care, not only for privacy, but because of its convenience; and truly a better one could not have been selected. Easy of access, yet easily guarded, Black Rock, as it jutted out from the mountain, huge, bare, its top accessible only by a single narrow, precipitous path, was the very spot which midnight plotters who desired to converse in the open air would choose as their council-place.

One after another, singly or by twos, great, brawney men glided up to the base of Black Rock. Halting for a moment, each leaned over towards a dark niche, whose cavity was impenetrable by eyesight.

"It's foine noights we're havin'," came the challenge, and each responded: "An' it's a foine harvest we'll be afther havin'!"

The challenge and answering password being given, the newcomers continued upwards.

By a few hours after sundown a dozen men had gathered on the crowning plane of the vast, misshapen rock, the face of each unrecognizable by the others under the darkness and the semi-disguises that some had apparently adopted.

"Are yez all here?" at length inquired one who had been seated apart from the rest, and spoke with a rich Irish brogue.

"The number as was warrened is here, an' ivry mon hez the passworrud," responded the last comer, who had stationed himself at the spot where the ascending path touched the floor of the level surface.

"He w'ud be a bowld mon who come here widout bein' all roight; but I'll give yez all the grip an' take up the ither worrud to make sure."

So saying, the speaker left his post and approached the rest, who were now kneeling upon the rock in a semicircle, facing him. One hand after another was grasped as he bent his head down; and each man, with a steady grip, breathed in the waiting ear the password required. All but one. As the inspector approached this one, there seemed to him to be an unfamiliar look about the form crouching at his feet in the darkness, and he paused as he extended his hand, and eyed this figure somewhat dubiously. The hand was grasped and pressed in the peculiar but expected way, then a whispered word followed.

"Here is a mon who gives the wrong worrud, but he hes the grip. Kin anyone pass his worrud fur him, er is he a spy an' a traithor?"

As he spoke, the examiner, retaining the one hand in his grasp, made a sudden dart for the other, which he succeeded in clinching, then held both together in a vise-like grip. Had it been light enough, a fearful look of doubt and rage might have been seen on more than one face, there would have been a sparkle and glow from the quickly-drawn steel, and the stranger could have seen a bludgeon raised high in air above his head. The intruder, if such he was, took all this coolly. Threat and curse were alike thrown away upon him. He neither trembled nor cried out, though he knew full well, as would any other man in like predicament, that if he could not pass successfully the ordeal of examination his life was scarcely worth a farthing.

"Stranger, your name an' number?"

From one end of the semicircle a man addressed the unresisting captive, speaking in a low, strong voice.

"Don't be in a hurry wid him," interrupted another. "He came here wid me, an' he's all roight, I'm sure. He giv' me the grip, an' he's posted, fur we talked over the matters ov the Order till I knowed there was no mistake. Let the man spake fur himself. Yez all know that I'm no traithor."

"If anyone here thinks I am a spy or a traitor let him test me and know me," responded the suspected man. "The word I gave is the true word; but maybe I'm too fast or too high for you. Let whoever you will try me, and I will answer him word for word and give him my name; after that, if he is not satisfied, you can call me spy or what you will."

This challenge, delivered in a steady, even, unexcited tone, had a soothing effect upon the roused men. From the end of the still almost unbroken semicircle the person who had lately spoken advanced.

"Give me one of his hands," he said, "and let me whisper in his ear. I can tell in a minute whom we have to deal with."

The two hands met; then the stranger gave a password.

"Wait one minute; we must talk a little to ourselves. This man is all right. He's a past master of division, anyhow. Let go your hold."

The prior examiner, at this order, released the other hand, and the two withdrew a few paces to the outermost edge of the rock, where they remained in earnest conversation for a short time. What they said could not be distinguished; but after a while the two appeared to shake hands most heartily—not for form's sake, but from the dictates of a suddenly awakened friendship. They then came back, and one turned to his comrades:

"I find him all right, and he is higher up than most of you here. He gives me the word you have, though it is not the one he expected to find you using at a meeting like this. If any of you doubt him, examine him to suit yourselves."

A murmur of satisfaction ran around, and then one spoke:

THE TWO DROMIOS.

Our artist has depicted these twin-brothers in the costumes in which they were generally attired in theatrical representations in years gone by. Of late years the head-gear has been dispensed with, the actors impersonating the Dromios wearing wigs and hats alike, and making up their faces to closely resemble each other. When these characters, as well as the two Antipholuses, are well acted, "The Comedy of Errors" is most enjoyable, and the "errors" are most perplexing. First we see Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio, who have come to Ephesus, the former in search of a lost mother and brother. Antipholus sends Dromio with a sum of gold to his lodgings, and bids him tarry there. Behold, Dromio almost instantly reappears. Is it the Dromio who has just been sent away with the gold? He has the same outward appearance, gait and manners; but he bears a tale of his mistress waiting her husband's return to dinner—of a capon burnt and a pig overroasted. It is puzzling. Anon he comes again, and now denies the former tale of his mistress and the dinner. The wife and sister of Antipholus come and confirm the story of the dinner, and call Antipholus husband and brother; but he tells the jealous wife he knows her not, and Dromio asserts that he never saw her before. The lady persists, and they all go in to dinner. Antipholus of Ephesus and his Dromio now arrive; but the door of the house is locked, and Dromio, on the outside, begs Dromio on the inside to open it, but without avail. The Antipholus without the house gets furious, while Antipholus within tears himself from the anxious wife and sister. From this point the spectator is enabled to keep the characters distinct in his mind, and, if one fails to properly identify them upon all occasions, the perplexities which are constantly arising will be perhaps more keenly enjoyed, especially if the several actors who represent the two sets of twins are moderately successful in imitating one another.

"Sure, what you couldn't find out w'ud be no use fur us a thryin'. Let us git at the worruk. It's a long thramp I've borne, widout wastin' the time."

"Well, men, the business that brought us here together to-night is important, you know, and I suppose you have all thought it over some? We have just come off of one hard strike; the question is, shall we begin another. There have been men going round saying that this new way of doing the business is going to set everything endways, and knock wages into smithereens. Now, what shall we do about it?"

"If they're going to cut down our wages or spoil our work, I say strike 'em," answered one man, and half a dozen others muttered assent.

"I don't see that there is much danger of their doing either. I shouldn't be surprised even if it worked the other way. The more clear profit they make the better wages they can afford to pay. If they make fifty cents a ton by changing, they can afford to give us ten of 'em."

"Is the thing goin' to worruk that way? I heard a mon tellin' thet ef they drove out those in Fillydelphy they w'ud have us all by the more toight an' fast."

"The b'ys is talkin' it over, an' I'm thinkin' they don't loike it at all, at all."

"You mean someone has been talking it over to the boys. All the trouble in the mines comes from that sort of work. Just when work gets fairly started and there's a chance for everyone to do well, someone comes along and opens up the whole trouble again. It's not the miners that start these things, it's them as is living off of the labor of the miner, that never do a stroke of honest work themselves, and yet live fat and high."

"That's the throuble; but what are we going to do?"

"Shut down on it, stop it. We haven't anything to do with what they are doing in Philadelphia, and it's only going to be for the interest of a few men there if a strike is made here."

"These men you're talkin agin now helped us afore, though; an' it don't look roight to go back on 'em now, an' call 'em hard names."

"We did not need their help then, and they are the men that made our cause a black one. It's them that eggs on the men to fire and murder, and sets the world against us. We must get rid of them; if the law can't bring them to justice, we must do it ourselves."

"Oim thinkin' yer roight; but there's many of the men ez won't know what it manes. Maybe ye've talked this all over among yerselves fernint the matin', an' our boys didn't know nothin' on't; ef so, oim agreeable to the majority. It's late, it is now, an' the Blackbird an' ithers bent on the sthrike. An' there's throuble down at the Red Ridge, olve been told."

"Let the Blackbirds come down, then, and someone go down and see the men at the Red Ridge, and give them warning. There's a big feeling up, I know; but we must fight it down. Them that I've talked to all agreed, and this meetin' was just to put it in the shape that it can't be rubbed out. Now, can anyone tell me where Doane went to?"

At this question there was silence for a time, no one seeming to be able to give an answer. At last one spoke up:

"Sure, an' it's a graveous question, that, fur his family. Little Mike is on the breaker agin, an' they're gettin' a little 'outdoor relafe;' but what wid the ould woman sick an' gravin', an' the childer cryin' fur bread, it's a moighty rough thing, so it is. If he was away somewhere, he would be writing to his family. I'm badly afeared that some of the boys kilt him and hid away the body. He must be found. It's a standin' disgrace the way he was druv off, and no mistake."

All this time the proceedings of this body of rude and unlettered men were conducted with a decorum worthy of the legislative halls of the State. There was little excitement, and everything was said in a conversational tone, without any attempted display of oratory.

Yet these men were really deliberating on most important questions, and the result of their meeting would have an all-important effect upon the interests of the coal-fields for months to come. They represented power, indeed, for to their heads was entrusted the direction of many hands, and, given a few hours for preparation, they could wield the enormous force of the working-classes of the district as they wished it. Now and then a hurly-burly and hullabaloo might ride the masses away from them for a time, but in the end the power was with them—and they knew it.

"I have my doubts on it," said the leading speaker, referring to the fate of Doane, "and would like to learn more of the matter. I shall set a couple men to trace him up and tell him, if he can be found, that he can come back in safety. The boys are ashamed of themselves that they did not stand by him. I know who it was that sent him the warning; and they shall be punished."

"More on us knows who it was that set up the job on Doane—it's the same that's been breedin' trouble at Red Ridge, Blackbird an' the rest, lately. Give 'em warnin' themselves, I say; an' if they don't go, drive 'em out, big er little, high er low."

"True fer you," said the spokesman. "He shall be warned that you are hinting at, and it shall be one that he can't be mistaken about. Some of the men are on that now, and maybe they will be here soon. He's a traitor, and has been using the Order to run his own purposes. We don't need to try him nor convict him; his guilty soul will tell him what it means, and he will slink away or fight. If he stays, it won't be the worse fer—us."

During all this time there was one silent but intelligent observer—the stranger. His position once assured, he sank quietly into the background. In a short time it seemed as though his very presence was forgotten; and perhaps it was. Only once did he seem at all interested—that was at the mention of the name Doane. At that he gave an almost imperceptible start, but he uttered no sound audible to the ears of the others, and the tide of talk rolled uninterruptedly on.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Novel Olio Performances.

There was a fight advertised to come off at the Alhambra Theatre on Sunday afternoon, between an Eastern fighting bull-dog named Turk and a forty-two pound wildcat, a vicious brute, for $100 a side—that is, the cat and dog were to fight for their lives, and then bet $100 a side on the result. The fight was to be followed by a grand olio on the stage. It was an immense bill, and it drew. It due time the cat was introduced upon the stage and was immediately followed by Turk; but at the first kiss of the dog the cat took to the audience, and the olio, instead of being performed by the troupe, was done by the spectators, tooth and toenail accompaniment. The first bound of the cat took it upon the piano of the orchestra. The power of the ivory left the swelling strain unfinished, and turned a back handspring over among the audience. The next leap of the "varmint" was at the contrabass, and both player and instrument went down instanter with broken heads. The cat lingered lovingly a moment among the strings, as if to test their quality, and then sprang out among the audience. Then began an olio in dead earnest, but not the one advertised, although the fight was over. It consisted of fighting and lofty tumbling, leap-frog, and such like feats of dexterity, all having a single object—to amuse the audience by a glimpse of sunlight out of doors and under the free light of heaven once more. It was perfectly satisfactory as a whole; each player did his best. Time—shortest on record. Everything went off well, especially the audience. The cat was found a few moments later looking out of one of the boxes and waiting for an encore.—*Gold Hill (Nev.) News.*

THE OLD CORNET-PLAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CALEB DUNN.

"Bring me my cornet partner,
And I'll play you the same old tune
That I played for you one evening
In a long departed June.

"We've been many a year together,
Through weather both foul and fair,
Ever leaning upon each other
In seasons of joy or care;

"So bring me my cornet, partner,
With its spirit I would commune,
And I'll play for you in the firelight
That old, familiar tune."

She brought the instrument quickly,
And the old man's eye grew bright,
While his partner's face showed beaming
With the beauty of love's delight.

He pushed from his wrinkled forehead
His locks that were white as snow,
And his air was grand and solemn,
Though his voice was soft and low.

Then the room was flooded with music,
All simple and plaintive and sweet,
While the twilight danced on the carpet
In a circle around their feet.

And it seemed to me as I listened,
As they sat there side by side,
That they were a perfect picture
Of true love glorified.

* * * * *

The keys from his fingers were parted,
The twain had sunk into rest,
And there by the hearth he slumbered,
With her head upon his breast.

THE OLD AND THE NEW: A LIFE-TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

The wresting of the sceptre, crown and throne from the OLD by the NEW was a stern and bitter contest. Not easily did the one who had long been king surrender; not willingly did the gray-haired, wrinkled Old Year give place to the sunny-locked and blithe child that laughingly stretched out its little hands to grasp the insignia of power, and longed to revel in the right divine of sovereignty. It was not with mourning or sighs that the Old felt the life-blood chilling within his veins, his pulse growing more faint, and his heart less strong in its beatings. A brave warrior, he fought to the last gasp, and gathered around him his allies of cold, ice, wintry winds and sleeted tempest. And when at last his breath utterly failed, when his mighty spear was broken, his shield beaten down, his arm dropped powerless, his proud banner trailing in the dust, his helmet crushed, and the young chieftain stood over him triumphant, with one foot upon his throat and his colors gayly floating to the breeze, the throes of nature were as an earthquake, and the latest battle-cry was one of commingled scorn and defiance.

It was as the death of him who had trodden upon the necks of nations; at whom the world had stood in wondering awe; whom the world feared; whose spirit had sternly fought against dissolution, and from whose chilling lips, upon the lone, wave-washed rocks, even at the instant of death, the words were uttering, rang out the characteristic words: "*Tete d'Armee!*"

Baffled, beaten down, dead, the Old Year sank into the mighty tomb of the Past. The snow wove for the departed monarch a pure, cold, spotless winding-sheet, and the fingers of the frost strewed the new-made mound with glittering wreaths, icy crosses, crowns and anchors—the mimic shadows of royalty, and the effigy of Hope.

The Old passed away, and the New came. His reign was ushered in by the artillery and trumpet-blasts of storm. The fingers of the wind touched the organ-keys of the tempest, and the notes were fearfully grand. From the north swept the fierce blasts, bringing with them the sheeted snow and the rattling sleet. The cold was never more intense, more penetrating. The poor man shuddered in his hovel, and the rich man shivered by the roaring sea-coal fire. The horse trembled in his stall, and the dog crawled to shelter and whined piteously in his chilly slumbers. Ostentatious charity talked loudly of what "must be done," and the true wept over its inability to do more, and prayed with sympathetic lips and heart that Heaven would wrap the destitute about with the mantle of His mercy and His love.

Despite cold and storm and darkness, the city was gay upon the last evening of the year. The "Temples of Amusement and of Fashion" were radiant with light and warmth and crowded with the happy-hearted. Festival and Ball were to be found upon every hand; and Beauty, clad in rainbow hues, tripped the hours away to the sweetest of music. Saloon and Hotel flashed even through the heavily frosted windows, an enticing welcome, and within were joyously beating hearts. The recollection of the beauty of Saint Nicholas still lingered, and was made more golden by the brilliant anticipations of gifts on the morrow. Without, the poor stole along as shadows, bitterly repining over their lot, with the mockery of plenty before their eyes, with the happy laughter and blithe strains falling upon their ears as a funeral march, and more forcibly contrasting the sheen of satin, the rustle of silks, the flashing of diamonds, the flutter of soft laces, the tables loaded to groaning, the fires producing tropical warmth, with the scanty rags, the crust of bread, the already well-picked bone, the ghost of a flame, the pitiful shelter, the utter dearth of comfort, the want of hope, of rest, of peace, save in the grave.

Upon earth that night Comedy, with all its mirth-provoking surroundings, and Tragedy in its deepest pathos, were being played—two roles as widely separated as Southern Summer and Northern Winter. For both the stage was fairly set, and the *ensemble* striking. All were actors as well as audience. The "cast" included every one of man and woman kind, and the orchestra played, harmonious to the scenes, a merry waltz or a dirge! Within, it was a rattling and melodious chorus; without, the overture of discord; within, it was honeyed song and careless merriment; without, wails and groans and weeping; within, the bubbling-up of heart; without, the crushing-down of flesh and bone and muscle and soul; within, it was

"Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both its sides;"

and without, the scenes changed at the whisper of the Prompter, and the music at the baton of the Leader, to

"Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."

With midnight the curtain was falling over the one, for the other it would never be rung down while earth remained; for, when the engagement of one set of actors was terminated by Death, others filled their places, and the dramas of "Poverty and Misery" and "Fashion and Wastefulness" were enacted—would be until the grand and majestic "Transformation Scene" which blotted earthly stage from existence amid the rolling worlds.

Midnight! Light and festivity gave way to darkness and silence in private house and public resort. Parlor and ballroom and saloon grew dim, and the hum of the human hives was stilled. The worshiper of the rosy-cheeked Bacchus reeled to his phantasmagoric dreams, and

"the lady lay down in her warm white lawn,
And dreamed of her painted pride;
While below, below, with a weary note,
The beggar sat tuning his hungry throat,
And the girl who her nightly needle plies
Looks out for the source of life—and dies!"

The entertainment at the theatres had been unusually long. From the many-tongued bells of church and cathedral the most solemn hour of the year—the final one—was chiming before they closed upon the sorrows of Ophelia, the passionate love of Juliet, the vindictive anger of "the Jew," the merriment of bluff Sir John, the antics of Pantaloon, the seductive and prospective millions of Colonel Sellers, before Melpomene and Thalia and Euterpe became simply a memory.

That night a fair, sweet singer had transported all who heard her above earth upon the waves of melody. The immense crowd had applauded to the echo, the stage been covered with exotics, and the daintily slippered foot could scarcely tread except upon flowers. And man willingly bowed in worship, and woman, lifted above jealousy, lavishly praised. Before the storm of applause she had bowed in confusion, sustained alone by the pride of art; but, when pressed about by would-be gallants, insulted modesty and pure womanhood caused her eyes to flash vividly as she turned away. Insane toadyism and fulsome compliments touched no answering chords in her heart.

Closely shawled and veiled, she would have passed incognito through the throng of waiting admirers at the door of her carriage, attended only by her old mother, the impassable barrier between her and the falsely and senseless scandal with which the world loves to smirch one of her sex and profession—if the brightness of the star can be dimmed by the foul vapors that may surround it, as if the beauty of Aphrodite could be stained by the smoke from the furnace of Vulcan.

But suddenly a light, mocking laugh fell upon her ears. It came from the lips of one as young, as beautiful, as herself, but whose rare loveliness was freely given to meet eager eyes. The singer paused, and as another and far different sound came she looked hurriedly and anxiously around. A woman, pale to ghastliness, hollow-eyed, with pinched, blue lips, ragged to extremity and trembling from cold and want, was crouched at the foot of the street-lamp, holding out one thin hand for sweet charity, holding with the other a starving, dying child to her shrunken breast.

"Come on," said Beauty to her gallant, with another reckless laugh. "The city is full of such" (and she well counterfeited a blush)—"such—impostors. To give to them only encourages begging. Come, supper is waiting."

Yes, filled to overflowing with such, but not impostors; for misery and starvation and pain and sorrow wear no masks, and no false blood pales from their lips when they speak of deeper and more thrilling tragedy than ever was pictured upon the boards—of playing parts in which no single line of mirth was ever written, of lines that are but hourly deaths, of existence that cannot truly be called life, of suffering that beggars the term.

"Come, our carriage waits," and the heartless butterfly of fashion turned away with the proud, unfeeling laugh still curling her red lips, and revealing the mock pearls within.

Not so she who had won her crown from meekness and purity and love of her race, as well as from Fame. The eyes that had rested upon the miserable objects shivering, fainting, dying upon the icy pavements, were instantly flooded with tears, and the heart within the silken bodice beat far more fitfully than when the theatre rang with her name. But without giving a clue to her identity she sprang forward, raised the head of the woman, and whispered words of hope and consolation. A moaning gasp was all she received in reply, and, tearing off her thick cloak and shawl, she wrapped them about the dying waifs of the great city, and motioned to the coachman to assist her. He hesitated, and his eyes sought those of his mistress in remonstrance.

"Lift them carefully and drive home quickly," was the command.

"Home?" he dared to question.

"Yes. Would you leave them here?"

"But the hospital—the station-house?"

"Is not for them to-night. I have the means to provide for them, and, God be thanked, the heart."

Her veil had become disarranged, and many curious observers saw the sweet face tortured with pity, and the sweet eyes brimming with such tears as an angel might have wept. But it was only for an instant; in another she was being whirled away, and men looked wondering at an action they could not understand—at a charity they were too gross to even have done.

Upon the bed of the singer, covered with the richest and softest, in a room furnished with rare works of art, in light subdued with rosy-tinted glasses, in warmth as of Summer, with a face such as one sometimes sees in dreams, but rarely in waking hours, bending anxiously over her, the poor, broken-hearted, starving mother returned to consciousness. For a moment her eyes stared wildly around, and then, shading them with her little better than skeleton fingers, she faintly questioned:

"Is this heaven?"

It was a natural question, and no wonder she should ask it. Her last recollections were of the icy sidewalk, the cutting wind of the street, the begging in vain for a crust, the inhumanity of man; and lo! the scene had changed, and all around appeared clad in soft gold and glory and beauty, and the one face she looked upon had in it the intelligence and loveliness of an immortal. Though but the luxury of earth it was, to her it might well indeed seem "another and a better land," for upon that home altar was burning

"The incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven."

The wine held to the lips, the warm nourishment given, the kind words breathed, soon restored a shadow of strength, and something of recollection returned. The almost fleshless arms were folded and strained, and then a cry of horror burst forth:

"My child! O God! my child!"

Who should tell her it was dead? Who add another pang to that crushed heart? The beautiful singer shrank from it. But there was no need of words. The mother read the fearful answer in the pitying face and the hot drops coursing the soft cheek.

"Dead? God be thanked!"

The singer started in amazement that one could be thankful for death, and for a brief time there was silence.

"Dead? God be thanked! But my baby, my poor, innocent baby, I would see once more—once more hold it in my arms, once more press it to my heart."

"Wait until to-morrow," was pleaded in broken accents.

"To-morrow? Yes, one shall come, but it will be eternal. My baby, my poor baby!"

The hardest heart and the strongest nerves could not have resisted the appeal. The dead child was brought and given to her. She wildly hugged and kissed it again and again, then almost coldly put it from her, and, drawing a miniature from her bosom, gave it to her benefactress and said:

"I know you, lady, though you do not know me. You mingle with the gay and happy, and may some day see him."

The eyes that rested upon the miniature closed as in intense pain, and the firmly closed mouth and set teeth could scarcely keep back the accents of agony that welled up from the soul. The counterfeit presentiment *was of the one she loved*—to whom she stood pledged in marriage! With a mighty effort she kept her feelings under control, and passed the night comforting and caring for the once beautiful and pure woman, and steeling her heart against the days stretching away before her. Her role in one of the most bitter tragedies of life for a woman had come to her through charity, and there would be no change as long as she trod mortal stage—none until Death rang the curtain down to rise again on one as glorious as eternal!

As the hours had waxed towards noon she sat waiting the coming of one for whom she had sent; he entered; she quietly ignored his warm address, led him into an adjoining room, pointed to an open coffin, in which were the cold forms of mother and child, handed him the miniature, took from her finger a diamond ring, forced it into his hand, and, softly retreating, left him face to face with the twin-deaths that would haunt his soul as the most terrible of nightmares.

The Old had passed from the world, and the New been born. So was it with her whose song bewitched the city. Love, as of the old, she would never know again; her heart had budded as the aloe, the blossom been blasted, and nevermore would it bloom. The world wondered. She was sought, but never won. Her secret was her own, and faithfully kept. The world called her cold and heartless, but angels knew of her devotion and charity, and, glad to welcome her among the bright sisterhood, will weave for the one who so meekly bore the cross of the Old the most radiant crown of the New.

The world wondered and found fault. Ah! how very little they know of the inner life of those who tread the stage for their amusement—how little of their liberal but unostentatious charity; and how well might they be answered in the words of the Hunchback's Julia:

"Happy! Very, very happy!
You see I weep. I am so happy. Tears
Are signs you know, of naught but happiness."

May you have as kind friends and true hearts standing by your side when the Old of earth fades away as a dream, and your soul is trembling upon the verge of the New!

A KENTUCKY genius has invented a road-scraper which will do the work of a dozen men. This will reduce the number of tramps necessary to the welfare of the country to about one-twelfth of the present number.

THERE was a period of over a thousand years in the history of the world when doors had no keyholes, and a citizen could be seen feeling all over the door without exciting the least suspicion against his social standing.

A LETTER written from Paris to an English magazine in 1790 speaks of two hundred kinds of bonnets—a fact which inspires a modern woman with an irresistible desire to exclaim: "So now."

THE MATINEE FIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Who first invented the matinee?
Let him be crucified, now—to-day,
In the full glare of the broad day light
He loves to endow with the functions of night.
Some way to torture him, make him pay
For his meddling mischief, turning astray
Old usage, which never was meant to sway
Eight exhibitions per week of a play.

Woe to the day
That the matinee
Took from the actor his right to say
His time was his own, in a modest way.
He was free to come, or go, or stay,
But the matinee
Came to betray
Old customs; and now, to his utter dismay,
He is no better off than a mule in a dray.

And what's the excuse
Of this utter abuse
Of privilege? Once whose door shall we lay
The rank innovation
That makes our vocation,
Like "dullard Jack's troubles," all work and no play?
Cautiously first it began the essay—
At our liberties worked its insidious way.
Was there no power to hold it at bay
Ere it was planted in firmness, to say
It was fixed, our duty to bow and obey?

So darken the windows and turn up the lights,
And flesh from the week just a couple more

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"IN THE ENTRY."

The management of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES never does things by halves. In this one instance, however, it does something by quarters. It introduces to its patrons four graceful equestriennes, each one of whom is a bright, particular queen of the arena. We see the managers of Emma Lake, and go them three better—four Emma Lakes in all. Hence the quarters. A glance will serve to show you with what ease these fair riders sit in the saddle. The critic has yet to be found with heart base enough to deride their riding. It would be simply ride-iculous to do so. As queens they rein without a rival. They take everything by storm—as four queens are very apt to do. We take no particular credit to ourselves for presenting these four fair creatures under one canvas, for that is only a bit of enterprise which our patrons have a right to expect; but we would most respectfully call attention to the fact that it requires something more than enterprise to carry about two pairs of queens, and to convince each one of them that she is the particular feature of the show that people come to see! That takes rare wisdom to accomplish.

OLD TENNESSEE.

INSCRIBED TO CHARLES WHITE, BY J. H. CARROLL.

Oh, why was I tempted to roam
From de place whar I fust saw de light?
Dat dear little hut dat I oft call my home,
Whar de darkies would gadder at night.
I sigh for de ole times again,
When my heart was as light as could be,
Whar I saw happy days beneath de sun's rays
On de banks ob de old Tennessee.
Chorus.
Old Tennessee,
Place that was dear unto me—
Oh, why did I roam far away from my home,
On de banks ob de old Tennessee?
I cannot forget de old time
When de darkies, all merry and bright,
Would gadder at dusk upon de barn flo',
And dey'd sing and dey'd dance wid delight;
Den togedder, wid pine knot in hand,
Dey'd hunt in de cottonwood-tree
De possum and coon by de light ob de moon,
On de banks ob de old Tennessee.
Chorus.—Old Tennessee, etc.
Dis darky am now sitting old,
No more will he hoe in de corn,
Nor play de banjo, for soon he must go
To de place whar he nebber will mourn;
But I wish, 'fore dis darky would die,
One spot'on dis earth for to see—
'Tis dat dear little hut dat stood on de banks
Oh my own, my lubbed Tennessee.
Chorus.—Old Tennessee,
Place dat was dear unto me—
Oh, why did I roam far away from my home,
On de banks ob de old Tennessee?

San Jose, Cal.

THE END OF MR. MACBETH.

The career of the late lamented Mr. Macbeth is full of sorrowful interest. He was a Scotch gentleman who was desirous of becoming a king. Having no faith in primaries, and doubting his ability to capture the nomination, he conceived the bold idea of putting the incumbent of the office—Mr. Duncan—out of the way. He mentioned this fact to his wife, and Mrs. M. at once entered into the scheme with spirit—Scotch spirit, hot. At the last moment, Mr. Macbeth's courage failed him, and he told his wife plainly that they had better not undertake the racket. Mrs. M. thereupon informed her husband that he was n. g.—or words to that effect. Mac finally braced up, and said that Mrs. M.'s taunts had settled him—that he would lay Mr. Duncan out, or "bust." It would appear that just before the deed was committed Mr. Macbeth was suffering from the effects of too copious potations—in plain English, he had the jim-jams. This is evidenced by the fact of his talking about a dagger which he saw before him, when there was no dagger in sight; and further, by his professing to detect blood-spots on the blade when the blade was bloodless. However, he stabbed Mr. Duncan, got to be king, and might have had a comfortable time of it but for his inability to sleep and a ward-politician by the name of Macduff. This Macduff finally exposed Mr. Macbeth, and then picked a quarrel with him. It is solacing to Mr. M.'s friends to know that he was game to the last, although Macduff came out victor. The end of Mr. Macbeth is graphically shown in the accompanying scene.

I'D LIKE TO SEE DE DEAR OLE HOME APORE I DIE.

BY J. D. NEPPERD.

I'se been trabblin' night an' day to dat land so far away,
Whar de yellow corn an' sugar-cane do grow;
Oh, how happy I would be to dat home I could see,
And listen to de music ob de old banjo.
'Twas dar dat I was born, an' did work from early morn
Till de stars began to gadder in de sky;
Oh, what great consolation for to reach de ole plantation,
An' see de ole home once afore I die.
Chorus.
I'll keep trabblin' on (*Sym.*)—yes, keep trabblin' on (*Sym.*),
An' I hopes for to git dar by-and-bye;
Oh, what great consolation to reach de ole plantation,
An' see de ole home once afore I die.

Dem was happy days for me, afore dey set me free,
An' I left my home and friends far behind;
Dar was good ole Aunty Chloe, an' de missus an' Massa Joe,
Who to dis ole darky were forever kind.

Dar was all de gals an' boys, full ob fun an' noise,
Dat used to gadder round de ole man's door;
Dey'd play de ole banjo, an' shake de heel an' toe,
But I 'spec's dey's all gwine to dat happy shore.
Chorus.—I'll keep trabblin', etc.

Still I'll totter right along, dough my limbs aint very strong,
An' my hair am turning white like de snow;
For I want once more to see my ole home in Tennessee,
Dat spot I left so many years ago;
Oft in my dreams I hear de voices of those so dear,
For I want to see de ole home 'fore I die. [on (*Sym.*)
Chorus.—I'll keep trabblin' on (*Sym.*)—yes, keep trabblin' on (*Sym.*),
An' I hopes for to git dar by-and-bye;
Oh, what great consolation to reach de ole plantation,
An' see de ole home once afore I die. [ation,

A RESPECTED CHARACTER.

Time never touches the old woman [a respectful, because technical term, that last] of the stage. She is now precisely what she was a hundred years ago, and precisely what she will undoubtedly be a hundred years hence. Gaze upon her benignant countenance as here presented, and acknowledge that you find in her an old acquaintance. Whether she figures as a mother or a grandmother; whether she hides the Irish patriot when the British red-coats march into her humble home, or protects the innocent orphan who is pursued by the black-whiskered villain; whether she is cast as a nurse who carries in her ample bosom the secret of the heroine's birth and divulges it in time to make a climax for the last act; or whether she dies off at an early stage of the drama, leaving her fortune where it will do the most good—in whatever guise she appears, she is always at heart the same, and by no means difficult to recognize. On the whole, we like the old woman of the stage better than some of the young ones. She is not so apt to roll her eyes when in distress, and it is possible for her to make an exit without concentrating her whole mind upon the trail of her dress.

MY "LOST LENORE."

While adown the stream of time I'm sailing
Memory lingers in the days of yore;
And my heart, it's cruel fate bewailing,
Sighs for thee, my "lost Lenore."
Though years have passed their weary seasons
Yet my heart is ever true to thee; [o'er me,
Like a dream the past comes up before me,
And thy face I seem to see.
Chorus.—Sweet Lenore, my "lost Lenore,"
Art thou lost forevermore?
Shall we meet on Heaven's bright shore,
My darling, "lost Lenore?"

Still in fancy art thou ever near me,
As in happy days which are no more;
In my sleep thy presence comes to cheer me,
Dreaming of my "lost Lenore."
When from earth I go to dwell in Heaven,
May thy lovely spirit greet me there,
From each other to be parted never
In that land so bright and fair.
Chorus.—Sweet Lenore, my "lost Lenore,"
Art thou lost forevermore?
Shall we meet on Heaven's bright shore?
My darling, lost Lenore.

Canonsburg, Pa., 1878. GEO. T. EVANS.

THE NEW LEAR.

It is pleasant sometimes to find an entirely new conception of a familiar character. That is why we introduce to you these artists. They appear in a scene from "King Lear"—the fourth scene of the first act, where the Fool teaches Lear a speech. This is how the speech runs—you may have forgotten it:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest;
Set less than thou trowest;
Leave thy drink and—much more—
And keep in a door.
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

It is not to the sound, worldly wisdom of this speech that we would particularly call your attention, but to the manner in which it is delivered. There never has been another such Fool as this on the stage. He is more than Shakespearian—he is classic, Italian, original, all in one. Hence it is refreshing to meet with him. But if the jester is a wonder in his way, the artist who plays Lear is much more to be admired. Here is originality of conception which is simply startling. Instead of the tragic, deep-voiced, mad King whom we have known in stage tradition, we find a pleasant, mild-mannered, peaceful old gentleman, who, when he tells the winds to blow and crack their cheeks, refrains from blowing himself or cracking his own cheeks; and who listens to the words of the Fool with as simple and sincere an interest as if he had been invited up to have a schooner of beer. It may be asserted that this is not in keeping with the character which Shakespeare intended to draw; but let it be answered that Shakespeare's intentions are not so familiar to the sages of the present generation as those sages would have us believe. Atleast this new Lear possesses the virtue of novelty, and we may announce that the versatile actor is now studying Hamlet, Othello and Richard III, all of which he will produce in his own peculiar style. Hamlet will lighten his famous soliloquy by a jig, Othello will introduce a juggling act before he smothers Desdemona, and Richard III will do a hurdle act on the horse for which he offers his kingdom. All these pieces will be so arranged as to play in short or long time, to suit the needs of variet,y halls.

THE DUKE'S ULSTER.

DEDICATED TO HARRY G. RICHMOND, BY S. D. H.

Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made still more gloomy
By this sister from New York,
And all the circulars stating
They had lowered the prices of their house
In this grief stricken bosom are forever burned.
Now are our brows bound with wicked frowns,
Our bruised arms feel quite sore,
Our great alarm at the tailor's cheating
In a dreadful fit from a delightful measure.
With grim-visaged satisfaction we see
Where he's tried to smooth the wrinkles in the front,
But now it looks like a piece of barbarous tweed,
Used in capings for a lady's chambermaid;
While I am almost freezing on account of this gaylute.
But I will not stand such sportive tricks,
Nor wear a coat unfit to court an amorous country lass.
The goods, too, have a gaudy stamp,
And want pressing out, for now they look quite limp;
Even the coat-tails lack a fair proportion.
Cheated in texture by a dissembling tailor.
Misshaped, unfinished, sent home behind the time, scarce half made up.
And that so limp and unfashionable
That the children cry as I pass by them:
"Look at his ulster! it's a hand-me-down!"
Why, I this week have had no peace,
Unless to pass away the time
O'er a decanter filled with wine.
Therefore, since I cannot get another
For the entertainments during the holidays,
I am determined to send this back to the villain

WHAT AMUSED THE QUAKERS IN 1850.

Wash. Victoria of Philadelphia, Pa., sends us advertisements cut from a local journal, and we give space to copies of two. The Walnut-street Theatre was then under the management of E. A. Marshall, who is now living in retirement in that city; D. McMillan died in Little Rock, Ark., in April, 1860; Thomas A'Becket is living in Philadelphia, and occasionally emerges from retirement; Miss Fanny Wallack died in Edinburgh, Scotland, Oct. 12, 1856; William Wheatley died in this city Nov. 3, 1876; Edmon S. Conner, who had just succeeded the late W. E. Burton as the manager of the Arch-street Theatre, is in retirement in this city—he reappeared on the stage and gave a recitation in the Academy of Music, here, Nov. 21 last, on the occasion of the Elks' benefit; James Seymour, the beneficiary, died here Sept. 22, 1864; Charles Burke died here Nov. 10, 1854; F. S. Chanfrau is still before the public as a star, and now playing in San Francisco, Cal.

WALNUT-STREET THEATRE.

Doors open at 7; commence 7½ o'clock. Dress circle and Parquet, 50c.; Second and Third Circles, 25c.
THIS EVENING, Aug. 31, a new and original play called RETRIBUTION.
Sir Baldwin Briarly, Mr. McMillan; Sir Robert Raby, Mr. A'Becket; Alice Raby, Miss F. Wallack.
After which Dancing.
To conclude with the farce of THE ELTON BOY.
Capt. Popham.....Mr. Wheatley

CONNER'S THEATRE, Arch street, above Sixth.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 7¾ o'clock.
BENEFIT OF MR. SEYMOUR.
THIS EVENING, Aug. 31, the great drama of THE GOLDEN FARMER.
Jemmy Twitcher.....Mr. Burke
Between the pieces Singing and Dancing.
The musical drama of MOSE IN CALIFORNIA.
Mose.....Mr. Chanfrau
To conclude with THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.

FORGET ME NOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED "TO ONE I LOVE,"

BY ANNIE HINDLE.

Forget me not! oh, think how true
My steadfast heart hath beat for you;
And, parted many days or few,
Forget me not!

Let not the tongue of scandal find
A spot in thy pure, constant mind
To plant a thought of me unkind—
Forget me not!

Though many to thy beauty bow,
Though rank and wealth might thee endow,
Remember, love, our plighted vow—
Forget me not!

When, the long hours of daylight flown,
Then kneelest in thy room alone,
In thy last prayer—before the Throne—
Forget me not!

Or when the morning's gentle ray
Smiles on your pillow, and the play
Of your dream-fancies melt away—
Forget me not!

Through good and evil, storm or shine,
Whatever changeful fate be thine,
Remember still that thou art mine—
Forget me not!

By all the past of vanished bliss,
By Love's sweet dawning, and by this,
Our last fond, lingering, tearful kiss—
Forget me not!

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 16, 1878.

FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW PLAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY CHARLES WARWICK.

"A View of the Ocean by Moonlight." Such was the tempting head-line on the poster of a new piece produced a few years ago at a theatre not a thousand miles from the other side of Fulton Ferry. In making out a synopsis of scenery I have always noticed that the moon can be made a very telling and attractive feature. For instance, "A Dell by Moonlight," if the action of the piece will possibly admit of it, is far more mysterious and suggestive than a dell as seen by common and ordinary daylight. What would any of your spectacular pieces be without your stage-moon? Nothing. Where would Rip Van Winkle be without his calciumized orb of night? I answer—nowhere. Admitting Mr. Jefferson's great ability, where would he be without his moon? And again I answer—nowhere. But I have observed that theatrical moons, as a general thing, are not fair moons. They do not shine for all," but affect a marked partiality for the stars—a fact which can be accounted for only on the score of a fellow-feeling among the celestial bodies.

Does your hero or your heroine have a "die" or any other interesting little event at the end of a scene or act, your moon, which all through the play had been under a cloud away up in the skies, suddenly breaks forth, and shines in such a way as to light up the face of the star alone, while all the other characters on the stage are thrown completely into the shade. Again, should your hero or your heroine so far recover as to get up and take a walk, your true theatrical moon will be sure to follow them round until their exit, and then be suddenly eclipsed, leaving the stage, scenery and actors

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

And so ended a grand scenic effect that, under more favorable circumstances, might have added materially to the success of the piece, but so turned out as to be a source of keen mortification and chagrin.

Actors are generally fearful guys—they enjoy such astronomical mishaps with a keen gusto; and even now, when several years have elapsed since the events I have been describing, I seldom meet with any of our old company without coming in for a blast about my harvest-moon.

FISTIANA.

Doings in the Prize Ring During 1878.

Allen, Tom, beat C. Davis, £200 and championship, 5r., 18m. 25s.—London, Eng., April 4.
Ashmead, G., and W. Cook, £30 cup and championship of Midland Counties, 7r.—England, June 4.
Boylan, Jack, bt. J. Keogh, 56r., 54m. 45½s.; both principals sentenced to two months' imprisonment—near Dublin, Ireland, Jan. 28.
Baker, Louis, the alleged murderer of William Poole, died in Paris, France, about Aug. 10.
Brady, Hush, beat Jack White, purse, 13r.—near Newport, Ky., Sept. 30.
Baker, Marshall, beat Geo. Brennan, purse, 3r., 15m.—Boston, Mass., Dec. 7.
Christian, Hermann, beat "Fuzzy" Springer, $100, 6r., 1h. 35m.—Ft. McKavett, Texas, May 4.
Chambers, C., beat Patsy Allen, £30, gloves, 11r.—London, Eng., May 13.
Carney, Ambrose, fighting artilleryman, drowned near Balicnas, Spain, Aug. 30.
Clark, John H., released from confinement at Trenton, N. J., June 24.
Carstairs, Jack, died in Adelaide, Australia, in May.
Chambers, Arthur, sailed for Europe Aug. 4; returned Oct. 20.
Cash, John, and James O'Brien, "gate," gloves, 5r., nearly 45min., police interfered—New York, Aug. 12.
Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, in England, decided that glove contests according to the Queensbury rules, as arranged for endurance, are prize-fights—November.
Collyer, Sam, released from confinement at Trenton, N. J., Dec. 9, having been pardoned.
Driscoll, T., beat Jim Casey, $125, 25r., 1h. 36m.—Troy, N. Y., March 18.
Dougherty, D., and D. Hickey, $200, gloves, 15r., draw—Philadelphia, March 22.
Docherty, Patrick, beat John McKinnon, £10, 21r.—near Glasgow, Scotland.
Donovan, Mike, beat W. C. McClellan, $500, gloves, 7r.—room, New York, May 18.
Duckworth, R., beat Hopkins, £50, gloves, 6r., 21m. 30s., foul—Manchester, Eng., Aug. 21.
Dougherty, J., and P. Fowl, blackened gloves, 17r., cry of police, draw—Phila., June 20.
Dwyer, John J., and Patrick Ryan matched to fight for $2,000 and the championship of America—New York, April 25. Match fell through owing to failure to agree upon a final stakeholder.
Elliott, Jimmy, released from confinement in Phila., May 23.
——and John J. Dwyer matched for the championship—New York.
Edwards, W., sailed for Europe Aug. 4; returned Oct. 20.
Fellowes, Harry, beat Frank Schonfield, purse, gloves, 5r., foul—Cincinnati, O., April 29.
Fowler, Joe, and T. Hawkins, £50 and feather-weight championship, gloves, 81r., 4m. the first day, and 51r., 3h. 23m. the second day; darkness stopped fighting last day, draw—London, July 29 and Aug. 12.
Frende, Lewis, and Henry Dryden, $25, three rounds, police interfered—Phila., about Oct. 30.
Fenning, Harry, beat Dan McCarthy, £20 cup, gloves, 24r., 1h. 34m. 18s.—London, Eng., Nov. 25.
Green, Ben, and Jim Whittaker, £10, 16r., 63m., draw—Birmingham, Eng., Jan. 2.
Gallagher, J., and Neil O'Brien, $75, 18r., 47m., draw—Brooklyn, Jan. 14.
Gould, Wm. J., fatally stabbed by George Weyman, New York, Jan. 1. Weyman convicted of manslaughter in the second degree, May 8.
Grady, Thos., beat Wm. Hines, 10r.—Bordentown, N. J., Oct. 4.
Goss, Prof., beat Richard Moore, $50, 30m., room—Gloucester, Mass., March.
Glennan, Jack, beat Young Tom Allen, 30r.—Near Greenpoint, L. I., March 20.
Gallagher, Jack, beat Tom Cummiskey, $700, 3r.—New Jersey, June 2.
Green, Bennie, beat Billy Seelye, purse, gloves, 21r., both men arrested and subsequently released on bail—Boston, Mass., June 10.
Goodwin, Richard (Spring Dick), released from confinement at Trenton, N. J., having been pardoned Dec. 9.
Grecian beat Rodge, purse, 42r., 1h. 25m., police interfered, draw—at Keighley, Eng., Dec. 2.
Harrington, D., beat George Rooke, gloves, £100 cup, 6r., 72m.—London, March 12.
Hurley, C. F., beat Steve Regnler, $500, 18r.—near Chester, Pa., April 5.
Hogan, Thos., died, London, April 7.
Hill, Gus, beat Steve Austin, $150, gloves, 31r., 2h. 2m.—Long Island, June 21.
Heisler, Chas., beat D. Rothenberger, purse, 15m.—near Reading, Pa., July 26.
Hickey, Harry, and Jim Murray were to have fought with gloves, for $500, but the police interfered—Phila., Aug. 12.
Henry, Thos., beat J. Dodd, £25 cup, gloves, 6r., 22m—near Bury, Eng., Oct. 21.
Judge, Owen, beat Mike Roche, purse, 32r., 54m.—San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 12.
Keating, John, broke his arm in a glove match with H. Fellowes—Cincinnati, O., May 13.
Kelly, John, beat B. Trainor, purse 6r., foul, ring broken in—near Philadelphia, May 21.
King, Jack, beat John Reilly, £200, 16r., 1h. 3m. 20s. Reilly injured his arm.—New York, June 29.
Kelly, Jimmy, and Pete Lawler met to fight with gloves for a purse in New York, Sept. 30, but the police prevented it. They met at a joint benefit Oct. 17, when Lawler, who was not then prepared for fighting, stopped after four rounds.
Long, Tommy, son of Prof. John Long, drowned—Ft. Lee, N. J., June 16.
McClellan, W. C., beat P. McDermott, $500, gloves, 17r., 28m.—New York, Feb. 18.
——beat Mike Donovan, $400, gloves, 16r., foul—New York, April 6.
——beaten by M. Donovan.
McQueenie, J., beat Pat Dougherty, $100, 17r.—Nashua, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1877.
McDaid, Jas., beat E. Lafferty, $50, gloves, 9r.—Phila., Jan. 15.
Moore, Jack, beat Geo. Tyson (McLaughlin), purse, gloves, 10r., 1h. 38m.—Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 25.
McCarthy, D., beat B. Fleming, £30 cup, gloves, 31r., 2h. 2m. 2½s.—London, Feb. 11.
Maynard, Harry, and Patsy Horan, purse, gloves, 7r., police interfered, draw—San Francisco, Cal., April 12.
——beat Barney Farley, $500 and "gate," gloves, 8r., 24m., room—San Francisco, Cal., May 10.
——beat Patsy Hogan, "gate," gloves, 7r., contest stopped by referee—San Francisco, July 27.
Morrissey, John, died, Saratoga, N. Y., May 1. Buried in St. Peter's Cemetery, Troy, May 4.
Minett, J., and G. Martin, gloves, 20r., 1h. 18m., draw—London, April 20.
Murray, Dick, beat H. Fellowes, $50 and "gate," gloves, 39r., 2h. 40m.—near Newport, Ky., June 17.
——beat H. Fellowes, purse and "gate," gloves, 73r., 1h. 55m.—Cincinnati, O., Aug. 19.
Moore, Johnny, and Pete Lawler, purse, gloves, 15r., draw—New York, June 24.
McCann, John, died—Boston, Mass., July 30, aged 31.
Miller, Wm., beat Joe Goss, blackened gloves; score, 22 hits to 19—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19
McLean, Wm., and Fred Smith, blackened gloves, draw—Philadelphia, Dec. 20.
O'Donnell, Tom, and Mike Chickney, $50, gloves, 37r., 1h. 50m.—St. Louis, Mo.
Orton, John, and Wm. Burrows, purse, gloves; police arrested both men, their seconds and others—Leicester, Eng., Oct. 4.
Raphael, Moe, beat Young Dutchey, £25 cup, 1m. 30s., foul—London, Dec. 13, 1877.
Ryan, Wm., beat Brown, $50, gloves, 3r., room—Montreal, Can., Feb. 8.
Ryan, Paddy (of Troy), assaulted, stabbed and badly hurt—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 22.
Robinson, W., beat T. Stockley, £20, gloves, 16r., 1h. 3m. 55s.—London, Eng., Sept. 18.
Ryan, Pat (of Phila.), fatally shot by Police officer Selby—Philadelphia, Nov. 5.
Scott, Thomas, beat Isaac Oliver, purse, 51r., 1h. 30m.—Near Knightsville, Ind., May 12.
Timoney, Ted, and Tom King, purse, gloves, 12r., 33m., draw—Boston, Mass., April 2.
Trevallion, E., beat Ed. James, gloves, foul—London, April 21.
Talley, T., beat W. Driscoll, £35 purse, 14r., 46m. 30s.—near London, Eng., in July.
Ward, Jack, beat A. Spres, £10 cup, gloves, 13r., 45m.—Chatham, Eng., Dec. 18, 1877.
Walker, John, Jr., beat Pat Duffy, £10 cup, 3r., 6m. 47s.—London, March 4.
Webb, Robt., died—London, Eng., April 17.
Welsh, Jimmy, died—London, June 3, aged 57.

A STONE FORMED IN THE JAW OF A HORSE.

We take the following account of a singular occurrence from *The* (Virginia City, Nev.) *Territorial Enterprise* of Dec. 12: For a long time a lump has been observable in the side of the jaw of a horse belonging to Superintendent Obiston of the Gould & Curry and Best & Belcher mines. The lump lay in near the jawbone, and could be moved about under the skin. It seemed very hard, and no liniment had power to soften or to drive it away. Yesterday a veterinary surgeon made an incision, and, to his astonishment and that of all present, brought to light a hard and smooth stone, about two inches long and one inch in diameter. The stone was of a yellowish-white color, and apparently as hard as marble. In order to make sure as to the nature of the stone, Mr. Obiston took it to the jewelry store of M. M. Frederick, and had it sawed in two lengthwise. When the stone was thus cut in two there was seen in the centre what had once undoubtedly been a grain of barley, half of which was visible in each piece of the stone, the grain looking as though petrified. Around this petrified grain the stone had formed in regular layers or growths, the rings of which were distinctly to be traced. The material of which the stone was formed appeared to be the same as is found in the incrustations on the boilers. It is thought that the grain of barley pierced the skin of the horse's mouth and imbedded itself in the flesh; that the saliva from the mouth of the animal then flowed in on the barley and deposited upon it lime; matter such as sometimes forms upon the teeth of men and animals. A small cornercion having thus been formed, it grew to be a nodule of the size mentioned, the channel by which the grain of barley entered having no doubt rendered open all the time, thus allowing of an inflow of the salivary matter from which the stone was deposited. None of our veterinary surgeons or horsemen have ever before seen or heard of a case of the kind. The stone is as hard as marble, and the annular markings are very distinct.

BILLIARDS.

SEXTON AND SLOSSON FOR $1,000. Sexton Again Victorious—A Score of 600 to 468—A Need for Plain Rules in the Future.

The largest gathering ever attracted by a match at the three-ball game was that which witnessed the contest at Tammany Hall on the night of Dec. 27. That house has probably held no concourse equally as large since the four-ball games between Deery and Daly and Daly and Cyrille Dion. The gallery was a mass of people, while downstairs there was not a vacant seat after half-past eight, except in the "boxes" recently erected on the Union-square side of the hall. There were unoccupied seats in that quarter only because from there the table could not be seen unless by standing up, and a hundred or more persons preferred to do their standing-up where they could move about when the notion struck them. The ladies' platform, on the north side of the hall, was also filled up, mainly because there were more males upon it than usual, every feminine present having seemingly escorted from two to three masculines to the hall, instead of being escorted by one. It is not difficult to account for the large attendance. Reduced prices had much to do with it. So had the New York Elevated Railroad, in offering a means of easy transit home after the game, at a speed just twice that of the horse-car, but which most people delude themselves into fancying is a great deal faster. Finally, many persons either forgot or had never known that Sexton had always defeated Slosson in regular matches—never by fewer points (118 in 600) than when they first met, and at times by such heavy scores as 600 to 338 and 1,800 to 976. They knew or remembered nothing but that Schaefer had last Summer been picked out in Chicago to play Sexton for a large stake, and that a few weeks ago, in Chicago, Slosson had beaten Schaefer most signally. It was this remembrance that caused so profound an interest in this match to be manifested by young people, and hence the hundreds of new faces, upstairs as well as down. There was substantially no betting on the abstract result of the game, and this accounts for the absence of elder and familiar faces. The few wagers that were made as to the result were mainly such exceptional ones as even money that Sexton would win by 300, and two to one that he would win by 150.

As to the stake-money, Sexton had the whole of his. When Slosson was telegraphed to in Chicago to challenge Sexton, he was notified that this city would furnish $250 of his stake, if he or Chicago would furnish the other half; and possibly Slosson had the whole of the Chicago $250. The medal that Sexton has held since May 31, 1877, was also at stake, through a concession made by Sexton to procure this match. There was no championship in question, and victory on Slosson's part, while it would have given him the medal as a part of the main stakes, would not have conferred upon him the title of champion. As explained some weeks ago, those who desired to get a balance of ease from Sexton this medal, which has been the cause of so much annoyance to him, while it has never annoyed any other of its several holders, got in their challenge at the eleventh hour. Sexton's term as champion expired on Nov. 30, and it was on the night of that day that he was challenged by telegraph. The rules had then ceased to operate, the conditions upon which the medal had been originally tendered as a trophy had then all been fulfilled, the donor of the medal had no longer the shadow of a claim upon it, and the stakeholder became *functus officio* after business-hours on that date. Had the challenge been issued at such a time as permitted Sexton the usual period of grace as to covering Slosson's forfeit, which period had to be within the eighteen months' probation, there might then have arisen the question: Could Sexton be required to *play* after the eighteen months had expired? Sporting usage might have had some influence in determining such a question. But sporting usage could not require Sexton to cover Slosson's challenge on or after Nov. 30, and there is no law of the now defunct championship that could have forced Sexton to do it. This medal championship having ceased to exist on Nov. 30, all discussion as to it in the abstract is now futile. But a principle is involved that affects championships to come. Suppose it is desired to wrest some new medal from its holder. If a player, challenging on the last day, can make the holder play months afterwards, why should the holder ever come into possession of the medal? If there can be one valid challenge on the last day, there can be two or three. If A challenges the holder on Nov. 30, B can on that day challenge the winner of that coming match, and C on that day can also challenge the winner of the match in which B is to play. Instead of eighteen months only, the champion might thus have to defend the emblem for two years and a half. Sexton's experience suggests that in future championship codes this point should be fully covered. He waived his rights, and consented to play Slosson for the medal. It must not be supposed that he was not fully aware of those rights, for he had discussed them before the match it was covered Slosson's forfeit. Had he refused to play Slosson for the medal, while proffering to play him for $500 or more a side, it is not so certain that public sentiment would not have been against him, as it was when he claimed forfeit in his match with Schaefer. In future such circumstance championships should be made so clear, and they should be so well and generally understood, that no billiard-player hereafter need be forced to abandon his rights in deference to a false public sentiment.

THE GAME.

A. D. Morse of Boston having been chosen referee, Samuel P. Knight umpire for Slosson, and A. P. Randolph for Sexton, the contestants cut for the lead. Sexton won it, chose the white ball, counted on the spot-stroke, soon brought the balls moderately well together near the head of the table, and signalized the first inning by a run of 71, closed by a missed "follow." Slosson closed with 8, a "draw" being too much for him, and Sexton in the first of seventeen innings of the night by missing an easy carom after having made 3. These bursts of derision, which come always from those who see only the two balls to be hit, and not the caroms far in advance that the player has in his mind's eye, were frequent before the game was over, both contestants being the butts of "the men who laugh" better than they play billiards. Sexton was the first to turn the corner, which he did with a run of 31, the balls having "froze" at 16. It was not until the 10th inning that Slosson scored double figures; at 66 a "kiss" brought together balls that else would have been widely separated, but at 73 he slipped up on a seemingly simple carom, through having "too many irons in the fire." In the 13th inning he got the ivories on the right-hand rail, but broke them up at 64, and quit at 65; and in the next inning he started again by bringing the balls together, this time on the right upper rail. Not so hard-working a "nurser" as he used to be, he still labors, his stroke is too delicate yet by half, and he "froze" at 67, being unable to count off the shot, which stroke he plays with all the Schaeferian lack of judgment, so that he is pretty certain to leave a "set-up" when he misses. Fortunately for the retiring striker, Sexton was unable to make more than 10 off the "leave." Those who know Sexton intimately now felt alarm. When he is very pale he is most dangerous. To-night a deep-red spot marked each cheekbone. This with him is a sign of excitement. Exciting tidings relative to this match had come to him in the afternoon, and he anticipated trouble before the game began. Whether the trouble had come or not is immaterial. He was clearly ill at ease for some reason. Perhaps it was his inability to accurately gauge the speed of the cushion, which, so often unduly sensitive, was nearer lightning that night than in any other match he had played for the medal. Perhaps he regretted the time he had wasted in practice because a thousand people, nightly going in and out of his narrow room in the Bowery, were hundreds too many, crowding the table so that he could not practice effectively, and usually had to abandon the game, though he rarely began to practice before half-past ten or eleven at night, when the crush, anywhere else than in the Bowery, is over. Had Sexton lost this match, he assuredly would, as he had told them many a night, have blamed his too numerous and constant patrons. Luckily for Sexton, Slosson for one reason or another was also "off." He had had opportunities enough, but he was unable to make one of those long runs which are his main strength, and without which a player of his style can never successfully cope with one of Sexton's. Every one of those opportunities lost to Slosson was a positive gain to Sexton, in that it gave him so much more time to get somewhere near the speed of the table, which, by the way, he never thoroughly mastered that night. Six hundred points offer scarcely verge enough. A game of that length is over before the player's hand has attuned itself nicely to the extreme sensitiveness of that metal-faced cushion. When the scores were 262 to 147 in Slosson's favor, Sexton did his first real nursing of the night, "railing" the ivories to the tune of 159, when he "froze." As is his wont, he counted from the spot; as also is his wont, he left himself little in order that, if he missed, he should leave his opponent nothing at all; and at 158, after having gone to the front by the relative scores of 308 and 268, he sat down. This was also his largest run when he played Slosson for the medal last Summer. But Sexton was not to continue long in the foremost position. By dint of hard work in the 16th inning Slosson got as far as 50, then he gathered the balls on the rail, and amid shouts and other tokens of exultation from the spectators, who throughout sought thus to encourage him much oftener than they did Sexton, he ran easily along to 140, when a failure to *masse* lifted him off his feet and sat him in his chair. He had now but 192 to go, while his antagonist needed 295. Nevertheless the Sextonites, with all their apprehensiveness, had no reason to despair. Those who knew the men as players could reason that Slosson had now reached a stage where, like William Goldthwait of old, he was extremely liable to stand still, as he did against Garnier after running 311; whereas Sexton has always either opened a game with a large run and so overwhelmed his adversary, or has warmed to his work and made a series of good runs close together towards the end, or has made one long run, as 247 against Joseph Dion for this same medal, which carried him out. In the 25th inning Slosson had the balls in the right lower corner, but "froze" at 25. This time he counted off the spot, but counted not again. The strings marking 467 for him and 387 for Sexton, the latter now began to "warm to his work." By an adventurous and fortunate stroke he succeeded in bringing the balls together, and very rapidly, with that peculiar "click-click" so audible to every ear in contradistinction to Slosson's "nursing," he kept them in front of him until he made 104. Then they broke up, and he missed at 108. Three innings later he got them together on the upper rail, and, as the deep-red spots were no longer handicapping his cheekbones, it was clear that in all probability he would end the game in this inning, even had he 175 to go. Sam Knight, true to his duty, tried to lay an embargo upon what seemed to be the inevitable by claiming "No count" at 36; but the referee was not of the same opinion as Slosson's umpire, and while the ball was half-emptying itself Sexton was moving with rapid but fractional parts of steps towards Union square, the balls preceding him. Five minutes later he was riding down the broad stairways of Tammany Hall upon the sturdy and true shoulders of the East-siders, who bore him up the Elevated Railway stairs at Third avenue and Fourteenth street, and thence to his room at 161 Bowery. They were with him there early the following morning, and they are probably with him there yet. Thus endeth the last possible chapter to the four-years' story of the Championship Medal, originally won by Maurice Vignaux, held for brief periods by him and Maurice Daly, Cyrille Dion and Joseph Dion, held twice by Garnier, but never won by him, and held by Sexton alone throughout the required eighteen months, or from May 31, 1877, to Nov. 30, 1878. Below is the score of the extra victory Sexton has had to achieve in order to gain permanent possession of the emblem. The winner's average was 20.20-29, surpassed by Sexton alone in playing for the medal, he having against Slosson reached 28.12-21. It is a remarkable circumstance that in both games Sexton has played Slosson for the medal the winner's best run should have been the largest as well as that it should have been the same (138). It is more remarkable that Slosson, beaten on the first occasion with his average at 16.18-20, should be beaten now with his average virtually the same—16-30-28.

Sexton.			Slosson.		
Inn.	*Count.*	*Tot.*	*Inn.*	*Count.*	*Tot.*
1	71	71	1	8	8
2	74	145	2	10	18
3	0	145	3	0	18
4	1	146	4	7	25
5	12	158	5	0	25
6	7	165	6	2	27
7	1	166	7	0	27
8	0	166	8	0	27
9	31	197	9	3	30
10	3	200	10	1	31
11	7	207	11	0	31
12	0	207	12	0	31
13	7	214	13	0	31
14	10	224	14	3	34
15	1	225	15	0	34
16	2	227	16	0	34
17	0	227	17	0	34
18	0	227	18	0	34
19	0	227	19	0	34
20	0	227	20	0	34
21	0	227	21	0	34
22	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professors in and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 30.

LADIES' LIST

Adams, Lucille
Arnold, Ella (2)
Audley, Oley
Beaumont, Nellie
Branscombe, Maude
Bennett, Laura (of May Fisk's Co.)
Bean-Gilday, Mrs. Fannie
Bidwell, Helen D.
Constantine, Mrs. Eveline
Clifford, Jennie
Carroll, Maude (of Carroll Sisters)
Campion, Stacie
Carroll, Mrs. Jennie
Cope, Annetta
Carison, Amanda
Cody, Mrs. W. F.
Clark, Mattie Belle
Crabtree, Lotta
Corelli, Blanche
Davenport's Manager, Fannie
D'Arcy, Mrs. M.
Dale, Lizzie (p. o. m. Birmingham, Eng.)
DiMarska, Ilma
Desmond, "Vic"
Eytinge, Rose
Foy Sisters
Fox, Annie (of N. Robert's Co.)
Foy, Bertha
Fielding, Nellie (of J. Coombs' Co.)
Forrest, Lillian
Forrest, Gracie C.
Gilmore, Mrs. P.
Granger, Maude (3)
Gray, MinnieOscar
Gleason, Alice
Goss, Mrs J.
Gaylord, Grace
Gardner, Emma
Gray, Maggie (vocalist)
Hamilton, Kate (of Mct. Thea., Palmer, Mass.)
Irwin, Mrs. Seldon M.
Idaletta & Wallace
Jourdan, Alecia
LaRue, Mrs (of La London Circus)
Lee, Pauline (of London Circus) (2)
Lovell, Annie
Lester, Mrs. W. F. (of Harrison's Co.)
Lucille, Fannie
Lester, Lisle (p. o. m. Dundee, Scot.)
LaClair, Laura (p. o. m. Dundee, Scot.)
Leigh, Miss G. (care M. Leavitt) (2)
LaKuen, Rosa
Love, Allie
Lindsey, Jennie
Lynn, Lottie (of Lyan Sisters)
Murio, Louisa
Mortimer, Estelle
Mayer, Lillie
Mulvey, Lizzie
Myers, Mrs. A.
Rosalded-lady)
Norris, Mrs. Clara
Olsen, Mrs. Laura
Zoula, Millie

GENTLEMENS' LIST

McKenna, Stanley
Grayer & Turner, Albert
Garnellas, The
Granger, Budd
Geyer, Frank
Guy, Sr., Geo.
Goss, Adolph
Granger, Tommy
Gardner, E. M.
Gardiner, Frank W.
Gibson & Binney
Grace, Matt
Goodwin, N. C.
Gibbons, P. (of Gibbons & Davenport)
Grear, G. A. (Dutch "biz")
Gaston, Albert
Gras, Robt. (manager)
Geyer, Albert
Gerard, T. C. (manager)
Hewes, Ralph
Hughes, Mark
Hamilton, Clinton 7c.
Hilton, E. F.
Healy, J. E.
Hutchinson Family
Hudson, J. M. (circus manager)
Hawkins, D. R.
Haverly Bros (2)
Hume, R. (of Thatcher & Hume)
Hall, James
Hugo.
Heath, Phil
Henry, Bi
Horton, Wardy
Hearne, Jas. (Irish "biz")
Howard, Chas. (of London Circus)
Harrison, L. (of Rice's Co.)
Hughes, F. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Hedges, Thos. (p. o. m. Tipton, Eng. 21c.
Hanlon, G. W. (of London Circus)
Harris, F. (of London Circus)
Howard, John
Howard, J. H.
Haney, M. W.
Hughes, Jas. (brother of Andy Hughes)
Irving, Harry
Jennings, Harry
Johnson, J. M.
Jones, E.
Jones, Ed. (of Florance's Co.)
Jones, Arnold
Johnson, John (of London Circus)
Kent, Sam
Kaufman, H. (of Kent & Kauk
Klarod, Oscar
Krom, Edgar
Knight, G. S.
Kinsley Bros.
Kennedy, Dan
Kellar, Conard & Morris 2c.
Kelly, F. (of Sellon & Burns
Steele, G. K.
Searle, Cyril
Sellers, G. (of K Putnam's Co.)
Sullivan, John H. (musician)
Swain, S. C.
Sweeney, B. S.
Spencer, C. M.
Sandford, Joe. (gymnast)
Sheerans, Jas. & Lydia
Sarony, Gilbert
Shea, Will J.
Stickney, Robt.
Smith, G. Paul
Sprague, D. J.
Swonsbourne, Mr.
Sadler, Thos. (o Haverly's Minst.)
Schoefel, J. (of Baby Comb.)
Saltsman, K. J.
Smith, W. H. (of Slavin's Co.)
Spears, Andrew
Smith, A. T. (of Coliseum, Baltimore)
Sothern, E. A.
Sanford, S. S.
Sellon, J. (of Sellon & Burns
Steele, G. K.
Searle, Cyril
Sellers, G. (of K Putnam's Co.)
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Spears, Andrew
Smith, A. T. (of Coliseum, Baltimore)
Sothern, E. A.
Sanford, S. S.
Sellon, J. (of Sellon & Burns
Thorne & Chrisdale "The 4 Aces"
Turner & Geyer
Tiffel, Wm. (owner of "Educated Pig")
Von Boyle, Ackland
Vernon & Everett
West, Wally
Whetstony, Leon
West, Walter (late of Chicago)
Weir, J. B. (Irish "biz")
Ward, Dell S.
Washburn, R. S.
Washburn, F. W.
Wood, A. F. (of Georgia Minst.)
Wallack, J. H. (manager
Woods, Prof (2)
Wood, Billy (of Manvers & Wood)
Wildman, J. J. & Diara
Whitney, John (of Coliseum, Detroit)
Wingfield & Gregory
Washburn, Wm. (of Wash. Last Sen.)
Washburn, Leon
Weston, S. (of Clay-ton & Weston)
Weiber, Chas. (of Washburn's Co.)
Wheeler, Jas. (circus "biz" artist)
Wilbur, S. C.
Williams, Mollie
Zoula, Millie

GENTLEMENS' LIST

McClinchy, Edward
Miller, A. (of N. O. Minst.)
McGladdery, Owen
Moore & Messenger
Melville, C.
McNish, Frank
Morgan, W. (scenic artist)
Merton, Joachim
Neyrette, John B
Naoni, Frank
Nash, Fred
Nichols, C. (of Otto Comb.)
Orrin Bros.
Otis, Fred (of Wagner's Minst.)
Oliver, J. A. (vocalist)
Osborn, J. E.
O'Dale, Wm.
Pardee, C. T.
Pike, Jay (late of Ford's, Baltimore)
Potter, W. J.
Parker, Louis
Pico, James
Prentice, J. F.
Pell & Lewis
Pullman & Hamilton
Price, Wally
Pickert, Willis
Pearson, W. (song-and-dance)
Parker, W. M.
Prindle, John
Puff, H. C.
Redmond, J. (of Colmyer, Rochester)
Rivers, Luke
Rice, E. E.
Ronaldo, G. A. (2)
Rice, W. H.
Roberts, J. H. (violinist)
Robinson, Geo.
Redmond, Chas.
Ripley, W. Z.
Rasser, W. (of Thorne's Co.)
Ryan, J. (of Haley & Ryan)
Richby, Victor
Reek, Mr. (of Burke & Reels)
Rentfrew, J. N.
Roe, Harry W.
Ryan, T. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Richards, Geo.
Raymond, John T.
Ryan, J. (of Haley & Ryan)
Rickaby, G. S. (of Keane's Co.)
Rowe, Dick
Russell's Agent, Sol S.
Shepard, S. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Sanford, J. E.
Swonsbourne, Mr.
Sadler, Thos. (o Haverly's Minst.)
Schoefel, J. (of Baby Comb.)
Saltsman, K. J.
Smith, W. H. (of Slavin's Co.)
Spears, Andrew
Smith, A. T. (of Coliseum, Baltimore)
Sothern, E. A.
Sanford, S. S.
Sellon, J. (of Sellon & Burns
Thorne & Chrisdale "The 4 Aces"
Turner & Geyer
Tiffel, Wm. (owner of "Educated Pig")
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Weir, J. B. (Irish "biz")
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Washburn, F. W.
Wood, A. F. (of Georgia Minst.)
Wallack, J. H. (manager
Woods, Prof (2)
Wood, Billy (of Manvers & Wood)
Wildman, J. J. & Diara
Whitney, John (of Coliseum, Detroit)
Wingfield & Gregory
Washburn, Wm. (of Wash. Last Sen.)
Washburn, Leon
Weston, S. (of Clay-ton & Weston)
Weiber, Chas. (of Washburn's Co.)
Wheeler, Jas. (circus "biz" artist)
Wilbur, S. C.

McDonald, Geo. F.

DEATHS

in the Dramatic, Musical, Variety, Circus and Show Professions Generally During the Year 1878.

Alleroup, Otis, leader of orchestra, New York City, April 5.
Almonte, Miss (Middleton Almonte), clown, New York City, April 10.
Alibacher, Louis, boy actor, suicide, San Francisco., Cal., April 5.
Anderson, John Henry, magician (son of Prof. Anderson, "Wizard of the North"), Philadelphia, Pa., June 23.
Atchison, L. D., aeronaut, Elmwood, Ill., July 20.
Brown, Joseph, actor, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 30, 1877.
Bray, Carrie, actress, Freeport, Ill., Jan. 23.
Benjamin, Mme., exhibitor of trained dogs, New York City, Feb. 19
Burton, Charles, contortionist, New York City, July 10-11.
Brill, Sam, privilege man with circuses, shot at Lebanon, O., July 9.
Brandt, Ida H. S. (Mrs. John Brandt), serio-comic, Scranton, Pa., July 7.
Bowers, Geotge Vining, actor, New York City, Aug. 12.
Byron, Katie, of the Byron Sisters, Savin Rock, New Haven, Ct., Sept. 7.
Byron, Frederick, variety performer, Philadelphia, suicide, Sept. 28.
Bosco, Carl, magician, Donaldsonville, La., Sept. 19.
Campbell, J. K., negro minstrel, Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 6
Collins, Peter, (Diamond Collins), stage manager, Tivoli Theatre, New York City, during week ending March 2.
Chippendale, Mrs. P., wife of an actor, New York City, April 13.
Cunningham, Harry, actor, New York City, May 16.
Conroy, John, stage doorkeeper of California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., May 6.
Conner, Thomas L., actor, Georgetown, Col., July 20.
Carroll, Peter, song-and-dance, Boston, Sept. 18.
Chesney, Arthur, theatrical manager, South Manchester, Ct., Oct. 18.
Collins, J. J., property-man Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 22.
Coleman, W. (Frenchy), shot in Macon, Ga., Nov. 2.
Coleman, Wm., proprietor of the Opera-house and Fifth-avenue Lyceum, Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 26.
De Angelis, John, minstrel and variety, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 21, '78.
Davenport, Lily (Mrs. Frost Thorne), actress, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 14.
Daily, The nas J., actor, San Francisco, Cal., March 18.
Dodge, Jerry A., acrobat, department of Forepaugh's Circus, Harrisburg, Pa., May 25.
Davis, J. R., actor, New York City, May 29.
Derr, W. R., equestrian actor, Morrisania, N. Y., June 7.
Davis, Lewis H., of Chase and Davis, song-and-dance, suicide, St. John, N. B., Aug 3
Drake, Geordie, variety performer, shot in San Antonio, Texas, Aug 4.
Donnelly, Lena, variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug. 17.
Darling, Wamie, child actress, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 22.
Earle, Mrs. Kate, actress, Feb. 1.
Elliot, Henry A., business-manager, New York City, March 27.
Earnheart, Pauline, variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug.
Edwards, Billy (Wm. Edward Giles), song and-dance, New Orleans, La., Oct. 1.
Fiske, W. H., actor, Rochester, Minn., Jan. 6.
Fredericks, Wm. S., actor, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 13.
Frank, Wm., leader of band with Forepaugh's Circus, Virginia City, Nev., May 5.
French, Samuel S., agent of Thorne's Comedy Company, Talladerz, Ala., May 27.
Hamilton, Capt. Thomas G., treasurer, Philadelphia, Pa., July 28.
Hinton, Frances Alice, giantess, San Jose, Cal., about July 20.
Farnsworth, Abbie, variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug 7.
Fitz, John D., manager of Peak Bellringers, New Orleans, La., Sept. 23.
Frey, Solomon, acrobat of the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 21.
Gould, William, attache of Barnum's Show, New York City, Jan. 9.
Gifford, James, stage carpenter, New York City, Jan. 25.
Gilbert, George H., actor, New York City, April 12.
Gaylord, Low, negro minstrel, Philadelphia, Pa., April 7.
Hemphill, B. J., theatrical manager, Philadelphia, Pa., April 22.
Holmes, John C., ex-attache of Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., April 23.
Hilliard, Daniel, of Hilliard & Hunting's Pacific Circus, Mount Carmel, Ky., May 26.
Harden, Fanny, serio-comic, New Orleans, La., Aug. 6.
Haywood, Carrie, variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug. 18.
Henderson, Annie, dancer, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 26.
Harkins, Mrs. D. B., wife of the well known actor, New York City, Aug. 29.
Hilton, Maud (Mrs. Frank Whicher), actress, Hyde Park, Boston, Mass., Sept. 6.
Howard, John F., actor, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 11.
Harrington, Ella (one of the Lawton Sisters, song-and-dancers), New York City, Sept. 24.
Hann, T. R., actor, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 7.
Howard, Harry, variety stage-manager, Dallas, Texas, Nov. 8.
Heller, Robert, magician, Philadelphia, Nov. 23.
Hall, Rudolph C., bugle and clarionet player, Providence, R. I., Dec. 10.
Johnson, Charles E., of Hensley and Johnson, song-and-dance, New Orleans, La., Aug. 6.
Jones, Robert (Robert Trethewey), actor and stage-manager, Boston, Mass., Aug. 24.
Jackson, Sadie, serio-comic, New Orleans, La., Aug. 31.
Knapp, James, gunman Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 28.
Kelley, George, negro minstrel (Kelley and Manning), Baltimore, Md., June 7.
Kelley, Matt, minstrel and variety performer, San Francisco, Cal., June 18.
Levi, Charles, business-manager, New York City, April 16
Lindon, Harry (Harry D. Knapp), variety performer, St. Louis, Mo., April 17.
Lacosta, William, old-time banjoist and bone-soloist, Philadelphia, Pa., April 27.
Lang, Martin, business-manager of Flynn's Varieties, New Orleans, La., Aug. 15.
Langdon, May (also known as Annie Mack), variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug 7.
Leroy, J. H., actor, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 15.
La Grange, Dixie (Mrs. Moulder), variety performer, Philadelphia, Sept. 6.
Levick, Milnes, Mrs., wife of actor of that name, Mott Haven, N. Y., Oct. 8.
Lewis, Minard, scenic artist, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 12.
More, Philip Hevr., actor, Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 11.
Moray, Ed., Irish sketch artist, drowned in Evansville, Ind., Jan. 30.
Milton, Clara (Mrs. P. E. Sullivan, actress), San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 13.
Maddern, Mrs. Grace, mother of several professionals, St. Louis, Mo., March 23.
Morhard, Harry, variety-theatre pianist, Cheyenne, W. T., March 26.
McVicker, Frank, actor, Boston, Mass., May 19
McCall, Ellie, actress, suicide, New York City, July 17.
Montagne, H. J., actor, San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 11.
Molenhauer, Henrietta C., Fort Hamilton, L. I., Aug. 13.
May, Minnie, variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug. 3.
Morton, Clara, variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug. 18.
Mortimer, John K., actor, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 17.
Melville, Olhe (Olivia Hope Pettit), variety performer, New Orleans, La., Sept. 28.
Morris, Billy, Ethiopian comedian, Boston, Mass., Oct. 11.
MacDonald, Duncan A., panorama-manager, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 10.
Marshall, Josie, variety actress, Newark, N. J., Oct. 16.
Morgan, Thomas H., officer in variety theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 16.
Morgan, William, scenic artist, Brooklyn, Oct. 31.
Murray, George W., negro comedian and clown, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 1.
Morris, Mrs. Steve, actor, Lexington, Ky., March 29.
Morton, John S., actor, New York City, April 21.
Noyes, Frank, actor, New York City, July 13.
Newton, Thomas W., gasman at Bowery Theatre for many years, New York City, July 21.
Niblo, Wm., theatrical manager, New York City, Aug. 21.
Neiland, John, variety performer, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 18.
Oakes, James, at times interested in the management of Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Md., June 8.
Powers, Perry, variety manager, Cairo, Ill., Jan. 22.
Pike, Lew R., business-manager, Boston, Mass., March 20.
Paynter, John M., advance-agent, Chicago, Ill., March 16.
Pierson, Fanny, actress, New York City, April 18.
Percival, Dave, chariot-driver, Phila., Pa., about June 9.
Power, Ed., husband of Kittie O'Neil, Colfax, on the cars enroute from San Francisco to New York City, Aug. 12.
Painter, (of Painter and Durand), gymnast, Cincinnati, O., Dec., 1877.
Pond, Charles, agent, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 11.
Paul, Mrs. Sarah E. (widow of W. H. Paul), New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 29.
Reynolds, Charles (of the Reynolds Brothers), song-and-dance, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 7.
Rowe, E. Louis, actor, New Orleans, La., March 26.
Rooney, Frank, actor, San Francisco, Cal., April 18.
Raffle, Charles, actor, West Haven, Ct., June 3.
Rubr, J. H., actor, suicide, San Francisco, Cal., July 13.
Rose, Victoria, variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug. 5.
Ryan, Belvil, actor, St. John, N. B., Dec. 1.
Rebecchini, Ramero, musician, New York City, Dec. 24.
Robinson, Mrs. John, circus, Cincinnati, O., Dec. 24.
Sedgwick, Edward, actor, Brooklyn, L. I., Jan 4.
Smith, John, bass singer, Tennessee Jubilee Singers, Washington, Mo., Jan. 24
Spaulding, John F., musician, Stockton, Cal., Dec. 16, 1877.
Stevens, Mrs. Mary, actress, New Orleans, La., April 3.
Shaffer, Prof., magician, Castroville, Texas, April 4.
Strickland, John, circus-driver, accidentally killed, New York City, April 10.
Steele, I. J., manager of Grand Opera house, Reading, Pa., and a magician performing under the name of Prof. De Lan la, Reading, Pa., June 4.
Stanley, Sam, song-and-dance, Kansas City, Mo., July 21.
Street, W. L., actor, Philadelphia, Pa., June 27.
Sandford, Genl. C. W., theatrical manager, Avon Springs, N. Y., July 25.
Schaeffer, Mrs. Marie, also her husband, J. Guide Methua, yellow fever, Vicksburg, Miss., Sept. 3.
Spess, Pat, billposter, with Howe's London Show, Chicago, Ill., Sept. —.
South, Sadie (or Susie E. Ford), actress, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 21.
Sarsedas, David A., actor and stage-manager, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 7, '78.
Steinkuhl, Chris. D., theatrical manager and treasurer, Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 10.
Simpson, Jonathan, treasurer Bryant's Minstrels, New York, Dec. 6.
Thommason, John A., business-manager and, journalist, New York City, Aug. 11.
Taylor, Eugene M., actor, Arcola, Ill., Sept. 15.
Thorpe, Ira B., contracting agent of Sells Brothers' Circus, Topeka, Kas., died in Columbus, O., Oct. 13.
Volante, Mlle., trapeze performer, shot by accident on the stage of the Opera-house, Pawtucket, R. I., while assuming Jennie Franklin in rifle-shooting feats, April 5.
Verne, —, song-and-dance, of Giles and Verne, New Orleans, La., Sept. —.
Wilkins, Mrs. Sidney B. (Jones), actress, New York City, Jan. 4.
Whitney, Eva (Mrs. James Holly of Homer and Holly), serio comic, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 28, 1877.
Willard, Henry E., manager, New York City, Jan. 27.
Walters, Charles, of Walters and Morton, song-and-dance, New York City, Jan. 31.
Wilson, Theodore (Theo. Pieringer), stage-carpenter, Cleveland, O., Jan. 24
Wild, Capt. John (variety performer, drowned off Pensacola, Fla., while bathing, March 17.
Whitlock, William M., negro minstrel, Long Branch, N. J., March 19.
Wood, Delight, giantess, Florida, May 2.
Weil, G. Myer, negro performer, Boston, Mass., May 12.
Wells, Mary, actress, New York City, July 16
Warren, Minnie (Mrs. Major Newell), dwarf, Middleboro, Mass., July 23.
Woods, Joe, variety performer, New Orleans, La., Aug. 1.
Winegard, Charles H., leader of orchestra, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20.
Wallace, Mrs., with Hayes & Benham's Circus, New Zealand, Sept. —.
Wesley, James W., variety performer, Cincinnati, O., Oct. 28.
Warren, Edward W., panorama proprietor, Boston, Mass., Oct. 28.
Weston, Harry (formerly of Weston & Walling), real name Henry H. Pfeiffer, Washington, D. C., Nov. 11.
Willis, Jas., stage-carpenter, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 23.
Young, B. Frank, treasurer, Philadelphia, Pa., May 4.
Yerance, Ida, actress, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 11.

In Foreign Lands, so Far as They Have Come to Our Notice.

Allinson, Mamie C., Liverpool, Eng., Dec 14, 1877.
Angelini, Signor, theatrical manager, Milan, Italy, early in April.
Allen, John, jr., musical director, Hull, Eng., Oct. 18.
Andrews, Wm., comedian, Woolcomooboo, N. S. W., Sept. 23.
Arnold, J. (Joseph Jackson), minstrel, at sea, in East Indian waters, Oct. 29.
Baretti, Mlle. Blanche, actress, Paris, December, 1877.
Blake, John, actor, Lewes, Eng., Dec. 27, 1877.
Brauer, Max, theatrical manager (suicide), Germany, Jan. —.
Burke, T. Silas, John, actor, Liverpool, Feb. 11.
Band, Mr., musical director, Brighton, Eng., March 26.
Barlow, Harriett, actress, found dead, London, April 19.
Baretta, Domenico, clarionetist, Milan, Italy, in July.
Bernard, Sallie, child-actress, Scarborough, Eng., Oct. 21.
Brah-Muller, Gustav, composer, Berlin, Prussia, in November.
Binge, John, dramatic vocalist, London, Nov. 21.
Bauer or Baveri, Edouardo, composer, Milan, Italy, in September.
Clifton, Wm. Rumball, actor (suicide), Cape Town, So. Africa, Nov 21, 1877.
Chevillard, M., violoncellist, Paris, Dec., 1877.
Cobb, George, ex-theatre proprietor, Brighton, Eng., Dec. 29, 1877.
Checchi Razzo, Mme., actress, Paris, Jan. 29.
Connerori, Francisco, musical composer, at Trieste, Jan.
Calzacca, Jacopo, librettist, Varcelisa, Jan.
Carnes, George, manager, England, Feb 3.
Crowhurst, Alfred, equestrian director, London, Feb. 10.
Clute, Mrs. James Henry, retired actress, Bristol, Eng., Feb. 20.
Chester, John, actor, Portsmouth, Eng., May 26.
Campbell, Wm., Scottish giant, Newcastle, Eng., May 26
Clute, James H., theatrical manager, Bristol, Eng., July 23.
Cuthbert, Mrs. Phoebe G., retired actress, Royal Dramatic College, Eng., July 20.
Chart, F. B., theatrical manager and treasurer, Brighton, Eng., July 30.
Cowdery, C. H., actor, shipwrecked, near Perth, Western Australia, about July 22.
Ciaschetti, Serafina, operatic vocalist, Santiago, South America, in September.
Donaldson, W. A., retired actor, London, Dec. 19, 1877.
Du Roeher, M., musical conductor, Paris, Dec., 1877.
Dewar, Fred., actor, London, Jan. 8.
Dees, Christopher planist, the Hague, Holland, Feb. —.
Darley, J. E., stage machinist, Great Grimsby, Eng., Feb. 23.
Dieppe, —, professor of trombone, Paris, France.
D'Arcy, Miss Lottie, London, May 18.
Deulin, Paul, comedian and dancer, London, Aug. 13.
Doering, Theo., veteran actor, Berlin, Germany, in August.
De Lagoanere, Madame, pianist, Paris, in September.
Deseati, Giuseppe, musician, Turin, Italy, in November.
De Baillon, Madame, retired vocalist, Milan, Italy, in November.
Del Molin, professor of music, Padua, Italy, in November.
Evans, John, variety performer, Wigan, Eng., Feb. 4.
Edwards, Miss Bessie (Mrs. Cowdery), actress, shipwrecked, near Perth, Western Australia, about July 22.
Ellis, Pearl, an orchestra leader, London, Oct. 20.
Emiliani, Cav., violinist, Naples, Italy, in November.
Fiori, Giorgio, operatic baritone, Milan, Italy, in April.
Fraser, Robt., buffo vocalist, Glasgow, Scotland, Nov. 27.
Guillemin, A., pianist, Geneva, Paris, Jan.
Guyon, Mme Emilie, retired actress, Paris, March 18.
Giamboni, Augusto, professor of the piano and composer, Florence, Italy, in April.
Gunn, John, theatrical manager, London, April 21.
Gatti, Carlo, proprietor of Gatti's Music Hall, London, in Dongio, Switzerland. Sept. 6.
Guedernoff, Gen., ex Intendent of the Russian Opera, St. .....The theatres did fairly well on Christmas day and night—albeit, unused to the unmelting mood, many erstwhile rounders stuck to the stove like it was a thing of life and joy forever. The poor player, bereft of those social ties which make home happy on Christmas-day, acted his part over and over again; and though the fumes of the savoury turkey were wafted to his olfactories the spices of Araby the blest, yet it was but breathing the word of promise to the nose, to break it to the mouth. The most successful financial venture of the week was the exhibition of a couple of walking gentlemen in Gilmore's Garden, where, on Christmas day and night, some twelve thousand spectators assembled; much to the annoyance of legitimate managers and leading men in that walks of show-life. With such golden returns attending the efforts of the walkers, it will not be surprising to see great additions to that line of business. Napoleon Campana came out of the campaign a long way in the rear, and therefore did not prove to be such a wonderful wonder as premonitory Bridgeport symptoms had led us to affect to believe.....In this effervescent holiday season we would fain step down from our high and dignified position, and, on a grosser level, make conundrums for the million. The difficulty experienced in concocting a problem of this kind must be evident to the most untutored mind; but, with our vast resources and unlimited range of conundrumatical lore, all obstacles fade away like a free lunch within reach of the passing fiend. This punch, by way of preliminary exercise. Now, why is the hat of a well-known dramatic agent like a celebrated "bill-sticker?" Because it *Fits Simmons!* [Explanation. —*Simmons* is the name of the dramatic agent previously alluded to, while *Fits Simmons* is that of the bill-writer so cunningly mentioned. The hat, being made to order for the dramatic agent, very naturally—provided the hatter has done his duty honestly and strictly in accordance with the skill of his craft—*fits Simmons!* Thus in order evolved out of chaos, and the beauty of this delicate little composition is made manifest at a glance.—ED.].....Managers have always enjoyed a reputation for being courteous and polite to one and all of their constituents; yet how are we to reconcile that fact with the hosts now being constantly made in the public prints that hundreds are *turned* coldly?.....Some people are very thin-skinned indeed, and some performers are so *extremely* fastidious as to make us ashamed of them. The following exemplifies a case in point:

Boss, dramatic agency.—Agent, reading contract to minstrel: "The party of the first part hereby agrees ——"

Indignant Song-and-dance Artist!—"Nixy, Jim—I won't go on in the *first-part!* I'm engaged for de olio." (He is taken out and rubbed with *olio margarine.*)

.....Kate Clarton probably does better with her double "Orphans" than with her "Double Marriage." *Postscript.*—This is not intended for a double entendre.....In these joyful times Brother Colville finds unalloyed happiness in playing with the "Babes in the Wood." Our Jim, whose ideas are more elevated, derives equal pleasure in copious draughts "drawn *from* the wood."..... We send abroad thousands of dollars every year to aid the heathen in his blindness, yet here, right at our own doors, are thousands of benighted settlers, living year after year in total depravity and ignorance, and yet nothing is done in their behalf, else why do we witness such imbecility and want of knowledge as were shown in a temperance procession in a country town one day last week, when a banner was borne along with this inscription thereon in gilt-edged words: "All's well when daddy's sober," which was altogether wrong, the true reading being: "All's well that ends well."..... No, James; the *Nixon* Brothers, with Tony Denier, are in no way related to the *Monk* Sisters, and "don't you forget it."..... Anna Dickinson is studying French history, preparatory to returning to the rostrum, on which she shines with a soft and refining lustre, like Edison's electric light in a two-edged circus. As a stagelet, Anna was not a triumphant success, called out at the end of every act; but when she dons her lecture-dress and mounts the rostrum—[Rostrum is a good word to repeat]—she "lays over 'em all." Let us once more prepare to receive Anna with open arms on the anniversary of her climbing up the rostrum....."At Last," Mr. Wallack announces his first appearance this season. This new play must not be confounded with that other *last* piece, "The Cobbler of Comare," although both are placed on an equal footing so far as the auxiliaries are concerned..... The appended lines, rare in their simplicity and grand in their conception and intrinsic merits, are not intended to cast reflection on anybody or anything, as one might imagine, but are published as an evidence of our good will for Horace and his combination. Now just see how cleverly we answer this question:

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"
At last she has left the redoubtable "Jinks;"
Of wardrobe galore she's bereft him;
Yet still he continues to "press" all his plays,
Though naught but a *Dickey* is left him.

.....The sea-serpent has been heard from. It's a big thing on ice, and is making its way this way. Hurrah! and a tiger!.....Reports are rife that Barnum has caught the author of "Beautiful Snow," and will shortly place it on exhibition. Let the joybells clang and the bombadoon evoke its loudest strains.....One of the most fascinating sights in the world is to see a sleigh-belle dumped into a big snow-drift, unbeknown to her until she is over her head. Try it some day..... The young woman who "would not live alway" is now hedging, and a consultation of the most skillful physicians has been called with a view to her likimand recovery.....If Joe Jefferson is kept posted in theatrical and sporting affairs ever since the opening of Noah's ark and the beginning of the human race, get THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. But "don't give it away."..... In taking in the various samples of soothness that may be offered you on New-Year's Day, remember that there comes a time of reckoning, when all your sins will be remembered against you save you from the fury of a woman scorned, than which the lower depths fall to provide her equal. This is not said from any private pique we may have against the sex, but in justice to those of the opposite persuasion.....What an interesting thing it is, when you come to think of it, for Marie Roze to sing under the direction of Mapleson. Why? Because Marie is the evergreen daughter-in-law of the sugar Maple. [Dwelling upon the evergreen and maple.] Yes, the case is so peculiar that we must have a little song

ABOUT MARIE'S MANAGER.

'Tis a widely accepted opinion
That, when a young couple once marries,
'Tis the mother-in-law's dominion
To manage, as long as she tarries.
But those who take note of the opera
A different conclusion must draw;
For here the fair Marie was managed,
You know, by her father in-law!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The father of August Wilhelm) the violin-player is reputed to be, next to the Emperor, the largest vineyard-proprietor in Germany. His graperies are at Biebrich, on the Rhine, where August himself resides when he is not fiddling for art's sake—and "$30,000 a year."..... Miss Ida Van Courtland took the place of Lillie Eldridge last week in "A Farmer's Daughter."..... Christine Nilsson's husband has gone into business in Paris, France..... Robert Spitler and John Goodwin, the one the manager and the other the advance-agent of the Louise Pomeroy Combination, withdrew from it in Decatur, Ill., and were to have reached this city late last week..... It is announced that M. Faure will shortly revert to the Paris Opera, having decided to sing decided to fill Booth's Theatre with Mlle. Li ta's melodies, instead of Herman Linde's histrionism, will switch the German tragedian on to a side track, viz., Steinway Hall, where he is to celebrate the Bible-centennial year by giving recitations.....Christmas-eve was fittingly celebrated at Henck's Opera-house, Cincinnati. Through Charles Pope, the company and other attaches of the house presented the comedian with a gold watch, valued at $250. While this was being done, the employes in the front of the house were mindful of all that had been done for them by William Gruebert, head-barkeeper, to whom they presented a gold-headed cane..... Among those who enjoyed the performance at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Christmas afternoon, was Master Barrymore, actor..... Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew. His grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, had the politest box in the house at his disposal. The youngster seemed to enjoy the Christmas box..... Franz Serrais, eldest son of the noted violoncello-player, is composing the music to a lyrical opera, entitled "D'Apollonide," which Mlle. De Lisle is writing..... Marietta Ravel (Mrs. M. W. Hanley) has just recovered from a long and severe illness..... The $1,200 diamond ring that Fanny Davenport left on her washstand in the Waddell House, Cleveland, O., and that mysteriously disappeared, has been found by her in the bottom of her trunk. How it got there was a conundrum..... Lonsdale, Eng., is enjoying a new pianist—Mlle. Janotha, a pupil of the renowned Mme. Clara Schumann..... Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungen" will be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre for the first time in England, and in English, on Jan. 28, 1879..... Mrs. Eliza Everitt, daughter of the eldest son and the namesake of Robert Burns the poet, has recently died at Bath, Eng. It was regarded as an unusual pleasure to listen to the singing of "Tam Rig" and other of her grandfather's songs. She leaves a daughter, who in features resembles the poet, as her mother resembled him..... London is better stirred by an elocutionist in many honores. She has been giving recitations in private drawing-rooms. She is young in years, a Portuguese by birth, and Mlle. Antonini by name. She has a wonderful memory, and declaims in the purest accent in French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and English. The latter language she has made her special study. Her Lady Macbeth is said to be admirable in tone fire and passion. She has a fine voice and great facial expression..... The Salle Ventadour, Paris, no longer associated with the past glories of Italian opera and with the French Theatre Lyrique, was to have had its final representation of the lyric drama on Dec. 15, "Les Amants de Veronne" being the opera. The theatre will be converted into a banking-house..... Nell Bryant's friends in Buffalo, N. Y., expect that he will be released from his quarters in the Erie County Jail to-night. Nell himself expects to stretch his limbs in the city during the current week..... At A. R. Samuells' Mozart Garden, Brooklyn, N. Y., one day last week, General Tom Thumb walked alongside of Mlle. Jeffreson, for 20 minutes..... To-night Thomas and his wife, and also their children, open at Mozart Academy, Temple for a week..... Church-organists are introducing "Baby Mine" as a voluntary..... Henry Vincent, the well known English lecturer, died in England on Dec. 30.

CITY SUMMARY.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH closed his engagement in the Grand Opera-house Dec. 28, "Coriolanus" continuing the attraction.

MANAGER STEPHEN FISKE of the Fifth-avenue Theatre has been confined to his residence for some days past by illness.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS are to fulfill an engagement in this city early in February next.

"ALMOST A LIFE" is to continue the attraction at the Standard Theatre until Jan. 6, when Miss Katie Mayhew is to begin an engagement, acting in "M'liss," which has been partially rewritten since its production in Niblo's Garden. The succeeding attraction willbe the operetta burlesque of "H. M. S. Pinafore."

THE SUCCESS of "The Messenger from Jarvis Section" at the Bowery Theatre seems to be well assured. The quaint acting of Mr. Macaulay as Uncle Dan'l has taken a strong hold upon the public feeling, and that by the supporting company is above the average. A. S. Lipman, besides playing the villain, Sandy Mitchell, gives a clever impersonation of Russell Clay, the sailor-lover,

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., up to Dec. 29 are thus reviewed by our regular correspondent: "Business at our theatres the two evenings preceding Christmas was not so large as on the holiday and subsequent nights; but the whole week's work will prove to be satisfactory, the bills at nearly all our theatres being changed since my last. Denman Thompson has played Uncle Joshua Whitcomb many times in Boston during the last three years, though this is the first time it has been given at a regular dramatic theatre. His engagement at the Gaiety opened Dec. 23 to a good house, and business has steadily increased during the later performances. The support was by the same company as played with him in New York. Miss Julia Wilson and Master Ignacio Martinetti won repeated encores for their songs-and-dances, and the little lady for her rendering of the songs 'The Cows are in the Corn' and 'Within a Mile of Edinboro Town.' The same programme will be continued till further notice. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight open in 'Otto' Jan. 20.....At the Boston Theatre 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was played the past week to fair sized audiences. The Uncle Tom of Louis James was a genuine surprise, and in it he showed himself a character actor of no mean ability. Miss Zoe Tuttle made a charming Eva—one of the very best we have ever witnessed—and the rest of the characters by the company were as well played as the piece deserves. In accordance with the modern custom, troops of genuine darkies were introduced to add to the realism of the scene, and their singing, dancing and banjo-playing were the features of the performance. Her Majesty's Italian opera Company open 30 in 'Carmen.' John McCullough begins Jan. 13 as Rolla in 'Pizarro,' which is to be produced in spectacular form.....'Saul, or the Witch of Endor,' a Scriptural drama from the French of Alexander Soumet, and adapted for representation by Joseph Proctor, was performed for the first time in this city at Music Hall Dec. 23, and has been continued during the week to houses not at all commensurate with the merits of the play, its manner of interpretation, or the elaborate preparations made for it in the way of scenery, music and dresses. It is hazardous business presenting such works, as biblical dramas have but little attraction for the mass of theatre-goers, and those who do not attend such places cannot be depended upon—in Boston, at least—to lend their aid and attendance to any dramatic entertainment, however much it may be imbued with non-theatrical surroundings. It is to be regretted that no better success has been met with, for seldom have more honest or ardent endeavors been made to give not only a moral, but a wholesome and interesting illustration of a great scriptural story than the one now under consideration. It was a herculean task to transform Music Hall into a theatre within the little time between the close of the oratorio (22) and the next evening; but the difficulty was overcome, and, looking only at the stage, we could not believe this was the hall which holds the big organ. The shortcomings of the opening night were magnified by Mr. Proctor to such a degree that previous to commencement he appeared as an apologist, and invited the assembled audience to witness the more perfect performance of the next evening; but there were few rough places, and many worse first nights have been witnessed in other theatres. The drama is delightful in text and action, well written and very interesting in story, and in the manner of acting was highly commendable. Mr. Proctor lending his ripe experience to a complete embodiment of Saul, King of Israel, his declamatory style being well adapted to the character. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Waller as Ahimeleh and Pythonissa, the witch of Endor, showed the training and method of the old school, which is in strict accordance with the surroundings. Miss Anna E. Proctor, a daughter of the tragedian, filled the principal female part of Michal in a pleasing manner, and showed but few traces of the novice. Hart Conway as the young shepherd David seemed to feel the words he had to utter. R. J. Dillon as Jonathan was an unusually impressive youth, and John Davies, another veteran in theatrical ranks, was deep-toned and solemn in the character of Itobal and the apparition of Samuel. Hegar Bey, the Palestine giant, eight feet in height, was of course physically adapted to the part of Goliath, and he did not offend in the few lines he had to speak. The remaining characters were filled as follows: Abner, A. Daymond; Zabulon, C. Taylor; Doeg, J. W. Collins; Zares, H. Hendrick; Heleph, H. Warwick; Ezel, W. Cross; Adora, Miss Narina Duret; Meral, Miss Etta F. Bartlett; Sephora, Miss Nellie S. Bartlett; Rachel, Miss Sarah Walton. W. J. D. Leavitt arranged and composed the music, which was interpreted by a large chorus from the Handel and Haydn and other musical societies, while the dresses and accessories and the supernumeraries, the scenery and properties were all appropriate. The orchestra, under the leadership of E. N. Catlin, and numbering twenty pieces, played excellently. The business details were in the experienced hands of B. F. Lowell. The piece will be represented throughout this week.....H. M. S. Pinafore' attained its forty-first representation at the Boston Museum Dec. 28, and in conjunction with 'Trial by Jury' will continue to delight and amuse till Jan. 20, when Lawrence Barrett commences an engagement.....'The Danites,' under the management of J. H. Haverly, was performed in the Howard Athenæum the past week to a large attendance, and will be continued till Jan. 4. The scenery is as picturesque and natural as possible, it all being newly painted by Orren Clarke Richards, while the mechanism and appointments, also fresh, are to be credited to A. D. Page and Charles Henry.....The Globe Theatre problem is about solved, as on Dec. 24 the landowners, having come to an amicable agreement with one another, entered upon the possession of the property, and propositions from the several managers formerly in treaty are anxious to lease the theatre will now be considered and decided upon early in the present week. Henry E. Abbey of New York and John Stetson of this city are the principal competitors. The rightholders are said to have made an offer of $16,000 for a twenty years' lease, and Hathaway & Pond and Mr. Stetson are said to have offered $15,000.....Henry Wannemacher, leader of the orchestra at the Howard Athenæum, was presented by Thomas W. Henry, on behalf of his fellow-musicians, with a double-barreled English shot-gun, in the music-room of the theatre, previous to the commencement of the performance 23.....Both Kitty Blanchard and McKee Rankin made their first appearances in Boston at the Howard Athenæum, where they are now performing, the former with Frank Rivers' Melodeon Troupe from Philadelphia, as Ethereia, the Sylphide queen, in the Stylish Thems, and 'The Mountain Sylph,' and Lucille in the pantomime of 'Lucifer's Frolics,' Monday, July 8, 1861; and Mr. Rankin as Claude Melnotte in 'The Lady of Lyons' to the Pauline of Kate Denin Ryan, Saturday evening, Feb. 18, 1865.....Zoe Tuttle will play Puck in 'A Midsummer-night's Dream,' soon to be revived at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, New York.....Pompey's Hill of the Boston Theatre have secured the right to this country of Pierre Newsky's new drama 'La Princesse Borowski,' lately produced at the Paris Ambigu;' and D'Ennery's dramatization of Jules Verne's novel 'Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant,' to be produced at the Porte St. Martin this week.....Samuel Colville was in the city during the past week.....Miss Georgia Tyler, who has been absent from the Boston Museum stage since early in the season, is much better, and will probably resume her position during the coming month.....The report that George W. Murray had gone to Halifax with the Ulmer Combination is incorrect, as he still holds his position as prompter at the Howard Athenæum.....A new extravaganza is being written for John Wolfe Foley by Dexter Smith and produced by John J. McNally.....Boston Lodge of Elks will be presented this evening by Frank Girard with their charter, recently granted by the Grand Lodge.....J. W. Taylor was presented by his auxiliaries during the past week at the Boston Theatre with a meerschaum pipe.....'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Katharine and Petruchio' will be given at the Boston Theatre on evening of Jan. 4. Louis James and Harry Edwards appearing as Shylock and Petruchio.....'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' under the management of Anthony & Parsons, will be performed in Great Falls, N. H., Dec. 30, Portsmouth Jan. 1, Manchester 2, Lowell, Mass., 3, Lawrence 4.....'The Hunchback' will be played by the Boston Theatre Company in Fall River, Mass., Jan. 1, and Worcester 2. Harchild, in 'Paul and Pauline,' a Combination appear in 'Maud's Peril' in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 30, Worcester 31, Jan. 1, Providence, R. I., 2, Fall River, Mass., 3, New Bedford 4."

THE UTICA (N. Y.) OPERA-HOUSE was occupied Christmas by the Wilkinsons, who gave "Uncle Tom's Cabin" matinee, and "Lost Lynne" evening.....The Criterion Comedy Company played "Our Boys" 27 and "Caste" 28.....Zoe in "The French Spy" 30.....Manager Abercrombie, who was recently assaulted by a crowd of young loafers in the lobby of the Opera-house, is entirely recovered.....The new City-hall Theatre approaches completion.....S. M. Hickey's name appeared on the bills as manager of Litta, who sang in "Lucia di Lammermoor" 26.....Harold Frederic of *The Utica Observer* has produced a neat little extravaganza called "Ruth," which he hopes to have brought out soon.

THE PATHFINDERS, including the Milton Jaspers, presented "Scraps" in Indianapolis, Ind., last week, to fair-sized audiences, who were much delighted. Chas. S. Rogers gave fine imitations of leading actors. Miss Mattie Vickers captivated all by her representation of Kate Clayton, Aimee and others, being excellent. Miss Marie Jasper showed her versatility in the assumption of the characters of an Irish girl, a Yorkshire lass, an interesting widow, etc. J. N. Rentfrow lent efficient aid as Claude the negro servant. Taken as a whole, it is a novel entertainment. Route: Indianapolis Dec. 30, Louisville, Ky. (Opera-house) Jan. 5, 1879, Pittsburg, Pa. (Academy of Music) 13, one week each.....Robert McWade, supported by an excellent company, presented "Rip Van Winkle" 23 to a fair house, their advertising matter having failed to reach here. Route: South Bend 28, Peru 27, Bloomington, Ill., 28, Pekin 30, Evansville, Ind., 31, Hopkinsville, Ky., Jan. 1, 1879, Nashville, Tenn., 2, 3, 4, Chattanooga 6. Letter of Dec. 27.

WARDE & BARRYMORE'S "Diplomacy" Combination played in Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 23, 24, 25, Syracuse 26, 27, 28, and this week are to perform in Montreal, P. Q., 2.

SHOW BUSINESS in St. Paul, Minn., is quite dull, no special attractions having been booked for the holidays.

MCVICKER'S COMPANY from Chicago is to commence a week's engagement in Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 30.

VIOLET CAMPBELL (Mrs. Belvil Ryan) is at liberty to accept engagements in leading heavy business. See card.

IDA GLENN, who has just returned from England, where she has been fulfilling a four weeks' engagement as Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and who has won considerable favor both here and there as a child actress, can be engaged by applying to advertised address.

J. P. SMITH AND G. C. HOWARD'S version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" attracted fairly good business to the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., last week. The principal features that gave it the prolonged run at the Holiday last season were seen, and with some few exceptions almost the same cast. Cool White made a most acceptable Uncle Tom. Mrs. Howard as Topsy, G. C. Howard as St. Clair, Gracie Wade as Eva, F. L. Wise as Simon Legree, Percy Garnett as Marks, and Jenny Garnett as Eliza, are familiar faces and have been reviewed before. The cast as a whole was a good one. The usual number of melodious negroes in their camp-meeting chants were seen, together with Wood and Beasley, musical mokes, and Bob Weston, the colored banjo-player. They closed 28 for Washington.

Monody Acrostic.

MIX no more colors for him! His last scene
Is painted. Turn his easel to the wall;
Neutral his tints were—be his memory green!
And on his exit let a slow "drop" fall.
Rapid his brush was as Matt Morgan's own;
Dainty his touch, and facile; yet his care
Lurked under seeming carelessness, unknown;
Effects, dashing, yet precise and fair
Was all his limning, as if etched on stone;
Impressions of his genius, canvas caught.
Seen in the scenery of his home and thought.

Vineland, N. J., Dec. 12, 1878. JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our customary letter, dated Dec. 21, is as under: "During the week 'Conscience' and 'Article 47' have attracted overflowing audiences to Baldwin's, where at the matinee to-day Clara Morris closed her very successful engagement of thirty performances. The lady means to spend the next two or three weeks rusticating at Santa Barbara, and on her return to this city will doubtless appear in five or six farewell performances. 'The Happiest Day of My Life' and burlesque of 'Richard III' form the bill announced for this evening. Master Louis Levy, the boy tragedian, will make his first appearance Dec. 22 as Macbeth, supported by Miss Olive West as Lady Macbeth. The theatre will be closed 25 to permit a dress-rehearsal of the drama of 'Not Guilty.' The cast will be as follows: Robert Arnold, James O'Neil; Captain Willoughby and Silas Jarrett, Lewis Morrison; Jack Snipe, C. B. Bishop; Joe Triggs, J. A. Herne; Isaac Vidler, J. W. Jennings; St. Clair, Forrest Robinson; Lal Singh, Willie Seymour; Sergeant Wattles, J. N. Long; Alice Armitage, Rose Wood; Polly Robbs, May Hart. Over one hundred young ladies have been engaged, and will appear clad in the Highland costume of the Cameron Guards, as which they will perform some difficult and intricate military evolutions, in which they have for weeks past been daily drilled. Several musical gems from the opera of 'Carmen,' the English words supplied by Fred Lyster, will be introduced, including the cigarette chorus and 'Love's a Careless, Idle Rover,' which, with the chorus of eighty trained voices, a largely increased orchestra, Highland pipers, full drum-corps, gorgeous costumes and magnificent scenery, combined with the thrilling interest of the play itself, should cause this holiday attraction to be a success. .....At the California 'Kit' has attracted but slim houses, and will be withdrawn 28 in favor of 'The Octoroon,' which the management will place on the stage in magnificent style. Some beautiful scenery from Voegtlin's brush will in a great measure assist the successful run of the play. Dec. 30 Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence will appear in 'The Mighty Dollar,' in which Miss Alice Harrison will make her reappearance.....At the Bush-street Theatre the revival of 'Le Petit Duc' caused a strong demand for reserved seats, and the representation of this opera 20, on the occasion of the complimentary benefit to Alice Oates, was witnessed by a very large and fashionable audience. The lady received several encores, calls before the curtain, and elegant floral offerings. For the holiday attraction, and as the final production of this company, 'H. M. S. Pinafore' will be presented 23. Mr. Ammell has secured the use of eight carronades and several larger pieces of ordnance from the Navy-yard, and has engaged several Simon pure sailors to 'shy aloft in furl and reef.' Manager Mitchell and Miss Minnie Cummings will return from Oregon in time to make their appearance here Jan. 6.....The Standard Theatre continues to do a poor business with the New York Novelty Combination. During the early part of the week Frank Bush was discharged by the management, and immediately accepted a ten weeks' engagement at the Bush-street Theatre, the management of which went to considerable expense in advertising his appearance at their theatre, but also claim to have gone security for his board at the International Hotel, as well as to have advanced him $70. To their rage and surprise, Bush repudiated his engagement, and, accepting overtures made him by the manager of the New York Company, reappeared at the Standard 20. The Bella Union management threaten to have Bush arrested. .....The excellent olio furnished by the several variety artists engaged, and the magnificent manner in which 'The Spirit King,' the new spectacular drama, has been produced, have crowded the Bella Union to overflowing during the week. Charley Reed affords mirth in his laughable sketch, 'A Bad Egg,' and the vocal gems by Ora Vernon, Marie Zoel, and Patti Rosa are only equaled by the startling acts of the Vaidis Twin Sisters in their daring feats on the trapeze. The Stuart Sisters are popular, as is Miss Flora Franks, serio-comic.....'Zamiel' is the Christmas piece to be performed at the Adelphi, where a good business is being done with the Blonde Female Minstrels.....The Revels' Company, the name of the burlesque in which the Rice Surprise Party will attempt to entice the theatre-going public to the Grand Opera-house, which has been newly decorated and heated preparatory to its reopening Christmas-eve. In addition to the Surprise Party, over two hundred auxiliaries have been engaged. A pleasing feature will be made by the orchestra, which, it is said, will, under the direction of H. J. Farmer, play for an hour every evening in the salon. 'Revels' is said to have been a success in London, and Willie Edouin brought it to this country. Frank Chanfrau will not play the two weeks' engagement at the Sacramento Theatre, as announced in my last letter, but will, under the management of Charley Welsh, appear in Carson City Dec. 30, 31, Virginia City Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, Sacramento 6, 7, 8, Stockton 9, San Jose 10, and Oakland 11, at which places he will be supported by the company now playing in the Sacramento Theatre.....Manager Miles of the Oates company has presented his business manager, Ammell, with a costly diamond-pin. Alice Oates, it is said, will be the recipient of several valuable presents on the occasion of her benefit, Christmas-day.....Mr. and Mrs. Piercy sails for Portland, Oregon, to play an engagement at the New Market Theatre, in which he will be supported by Miss Georgie Woodthorpe.....Miss Augusta Dargon returned from Oregon 20, where she played a successful engagement. Ada Cavendish is doing well at the New Market Theatre, Portland.....Harry Maynard and Miss Carrie Woods of Maynard & Woods' Combination were married in Carson City 18."

CINCINNATI NEWS, dated Dec. 28: "Extremely cold weather served to moderate the attendance at all the theatres early in the week, but on Christmas-day they did a big business, afternoon and evening, Heuck's and the Coliseum turning away people, the Grand being packed, and Pike's well filled. Large audiences were also drawn to Robinson's, where German opera and drama were given. The attraction at Pike's Opera-house was Scorgie's version of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a play refreshingly superior to the usual type of Dutch drama. Mr. Knight's acting was easy and natural, and his introduced specialties were varied and original. The support, by reason of constant playing, was sufficient for the occasion. W. M. Ward's Muller, Eva Barker's Christine, and Mrs. D. B. Vanderen's Mrs. Freely were noticeably good. Rose Eytinge was to have followed 30, but she has canceled.....Maggie Mitchell opened at the Grand 23, dividing her first week between 'The Pearl of Savoy' and 'Lorle.' The familiar presentations of Miss Mitchell seem to have all the charm of old. She received capital support from William Harris and the stock company which played with her in St. Louis. Miss Mitchell remains one more week, and will be followed by Mr. and Mrs. Florence in the Rice Combination.....Charles Pope opened at Heuck's 24 in 'Belphegor,' which was succeeded 26 by 'The Corsican Brothers.' Mr. Pope made an excellent impression in both plays. Eliza O'Connor, the new leading lady, made her bow as Madeline, and proved to be an accomplished actress. Clara Wildman was engaged as extra support for Mr. Pope, and played acceptably. The juveniles nicely. Miss Bradley's Henri, Mr. Gleason's Montbazan, Mr. Foster's Aspigno, and Mr. Douglas' Fanfaronade were prominently good, both plays being acted and put on very creditably. Dominick Murray follows Mr. Pope 30.....C. W. Barry opened at the Coliseum 23 in his ultra-sensational drama 'Escaped from Sing Sing,' in which he personates Ned Buntline, under his numerous disguises, quite effectively. R. V. Ferguson made quite a hit as Porkey Clark, and the Laura Livingstone of Kate Edwards and Harry Redford of J. S. Edwards were likewise worthy of notice. The Yales, in 'Never too Late, follow 30, and Clara Cole Jan. 6. This young lady's engagement was to have been last week, but was postponed on account of her health. She is convalescing.....Marie Wolfe's company played drama at Robinson's Opera-house till Thursday, when 'Girofle-Girofla' was put on for three nights. The Hyers Sisters open here Jan. 6.....Wash. T. Melville, supported by the stock company, has played 'Smoke' at the Vine-street Opera-house during the current week.....The Criterion Comedy Company played "Our Boys" 27 and "Caste" 28.....Zoe in "The French Spy" 30.....Manager Abercrombie, who was recently assaulted by a crowd of young loafers in the lobby of the Opera-house, is entirely recovered.....The new City-hall Theatre approaches completion.....S. M. Hickey's name appeared on the bills as manager of Litta, who sang in "Lucia di Lammermoor" 26.....Harold Frederic of *The Utica Observer* has produced a neat little extravaganza called "Ruth," which he hopes to have brought out soon.

GOTTHOLD & RIAL'S "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Combination opened in Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 23, for two weeks, and up to this date a good average business has been done, wrote our correspondent Dec. 28, adding: "This is the first engagement of this company here, as it is now organized, and in the main it contains very respectable material. The George Harris of J. D. Gotthold is a manly and artistic characterization, and the Topsy of Miss Laura Alberta is perhaps one of the best performances of the kind ever seen in this city. The other principal roles received due attention from J. R. O'Neil, Sid. R. Ellis, L. R. Stockwell, Sid. S. Hicks, Leslie Edmunds, Mina Croitus, Mrs. Alina O'Neil, Madge Butler and little Eva Miller. Mr. Edmunds' careful dressing of the part of St. Clair deserves mention. Several of the scenic effects were so realistic as to evoke applause.....The 'Chicago' Combination commenced for one week at the Opera-house Dec. 23, and, with the exception of the two entertainments given on Christmas, the attendance was very slim. Modjeska opens Dec. 30.....On Christmas night there was trouble within the sacred precincts of this 'Chicago' Combination. It seems that salaries had not been paid in full for several weeks, and as a considerable amount of money was taken at the box-office on Christmas the members of the company concluded to strike then for back pay. They refused to play until at least some money was given them. Treasurer Harry Eisler proposed to divide among them Hart's (Frank Hart) share of the night, and to this proposition it is said Hart objected; but Eisler only became more determined and turned over the money to the company, and about a quarter of nine o'clock the curtain went up, and since that time, I believe, the company has been playing on the commonwealth plan, which method has yielded but little. It is stated that Eisler has now the panorama in his possession for money advanced for railroad fares, etc., amounting in all to about $115. Scott-Davis, one of the members of the combination, got a judgment for $60 90 for salary due, and other creditors, I am informed, are becoming impatient. Acting-manager Frank I. Hart is said to be among the absent from Pittsburg at this writing, and the company will probably disband here after to-night's performance.....Thorne & Chrisdie's Pantomime Troupe appears at the Fifth-avenue Lyceum Dec. 30 for one week."

"THE LOTTERY OF LIFE" attracted only fair audiences to Theall & Carton's Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., last week, although well set, evenly acted, and with sterling variety performers introduced. Frank Evans played Terence O'Halloran with all the requisite vim, James E. Carton found a vehicle for his fun in Bob Mawley, Mrs. J. W. Brutone was tart enough as Miss Tartar, and the rest of the company, including Adelina Gasparini as Emily Summers and Emily Lewis as Polly, gave satisfactory. The variety people were Harry Woodson in his taking character-songs, John and Maggie Fielding in their musical budget termed "Folly and Fancy," Erba Robeson, whose powerful voice was heard to advantage, and Sam Devere, whose old and new songs and sayings seem to be a perennial source of delight to Williamsburgers. Harry Woodson received a telegram Friday night informing him of the dangerous illness of his mother. The managers kindly released him, and he started for his home—Richmond, Va.—on Saturday morning. Sam Devere opens at the Bowery Theatre, New York, this week, the Fielding's in Boston and Erba Robeson in Detroit. At the Novelty we are to be amused by "Our American Cousin," with George Parkes, Frank Hardenberg, Rose Lisle and a strong company in the cast.

SKIPPED.—A correspondent in Danbury, Ct., writing on Dec. 26, says: "A company claiming to be from the Union-square Theatre, N. Y., managed by one named W. H. Kirk, and calling also to have Miss Minnie Cummings as star, played 'Dora' at the Opera-house on Christmas-night, and left early next morning without settling up the advertising bills of the local papers, *The Globe* and *The Democrat*. The business-manager is H. E. Johnson; stage-manager, W. Scott." [It is just possible that, in Danbury, "Scotch Dora" next to "Dora," unintentionally overlooked those little accounts, which, no doubt, they will make good when they see this reminder.—ED. CLIP.]

J. W. COLLIER'S "Celebrated Case" Company began a week's engagement at the Grand Opera-house, Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 23. The severe cold of the first two nights was disastrous to business, but on Christmas afternoon and evening the house was well filled, the attendance continuing thereafter fairly good. The company gave excellent satisfaction. Theodore Tilton was in town 24, and witnessed Bessie Turner's acting in the piece..... At the German Theatre (Maennerchor Hall) "My Son" was billed for Christmas-night, but the attendance was so slim that the curtain did not rise. The season has also been unprofitable, but the patronage has greatly decreased, and several deficits are left to the tender care of the manager, Prof. Szwirschina, who, with the professional members of his company, will probably be compelled to seek other engagements. Advices of Dec. 27.

BUSINESS was large at all places of amusement in Toronto, Ont., during the past week, every available inch of standing-room being occupied at both performances on Christmas-day. At the Royal Opera-house the attraction was "Sinbad the Sailor," adapted by Joe H. Banks, with Miss Sallie as Sinbad, the author assuming the character of Toko Kapers, a follower of Sinbad. The scenery, from the pencil of Henry C. Tyron of Chicago, is exceedingly beautiful, and Sandi on that gentleman, the Diamond Cave of Youdoan and the transformation-scene being very beautiful. The mechanical effects were by John Ambler, the sudden disappearance of a ship under full sail being startlingly realistic. The Boisset Family in acrobatic exercises and Mlle. Realta in feats of strength were introduced during the performance. The week of the 30th he will put on "Humpty Dumpty" and "Hamlet," and probably one or two of Shakespeare's other plays.....At the Detroit Opera-house Buffalo Bill had top-heavy houses 27, 28. The Williamsons open 31 (instead of 30) for the rest of the week.....Henry Abbey's Park Theatre Company have postponed their dates to the week of Jan 20. Manager T. W. Davey will return here 13.

A RESPONSIBLE WOMAN and an organist are wanted by Geo. H. Frederick, who advertises.

AT THE PARK OPERA-HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., Gouvieux Ward and Co. company played "Henry VIII" Dec. 23, and "Jane Shore" 24, to light business. She was to have played in Oswego 25, but the roads were snow-bound. She remained in Syracuse, playing "Jane Shore," and filling the date of the Strakosch troupe, who were snowed in at Buffalo.....& Marie Zoe is announced Jan. 1, 2, 1879, Charlotte Thompson 3, 4.....J. K. Emmet cancelled engagement at Wieting Opera-house.....The Warde & Barrymore "Diplomacy" Company played 26, 27, 28, to fine business. They open in Montreal 30, for one week, Ottawa Jan. 6, 7, Utica 8, Troy 9, 10, Poughkeepsie 11, Albany 13, one week, Washington 30, one week.....The Wilkinson "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company is announced for Jan. 1, 1879.

THE BOSTON MUSICAL COMPANY attracted a large attendance to the Portland (Me.) Theatre Dec. 21, presenting at the matinee "A Charming Pair" and "Doing for the Best," and at night "Partners for Life" and "The Inquisitive Darky."..... Anthony & Parsons' "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company made a return visit 28, appearing in Music Hall, the Phineas Fletcher of C. H. Clarke, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Eva of Portia Abee, and Topsy of Minnie Foster calling for especial praise.....Dollie Bidwell and company are billed in Music Hall Jan. 2....Lilliputian Troupe 3, 4.

JOHN THOMPSON and a company played "On Hand" in Steubenville, O., Dec. 24, 25, Johnstown, Pa., 26.

PROF. A. L. MCDOWELL and a company played "Beauty and the Beast" in the Academy of Music, Montreal, P. Q., the past week, to good business. The company closed 28, and are to make a tour through Canada for four weeks. The specialty people who accompany them are Mlle. Bonfanti, the Clinetop Sisters, Della Turner, Frank Gibbons, Master Hoyan, and Turner and Lawton. Chas. Arnold is the business manager.....Warde & Barrymore's "Diplomacy" party open 30 for one week, to be followed by Genevieve Ward.

THE WESTERN THEATRE COMPANY, who played in Moberly, Mo., Christmas-week, are billed in Boonville Dec 30, one week, California Jan. 6, 1879, for a like period, Jefferson City 13, two weeks. W. M. Williams and O. J. Woods are the managers.

ROSON & CRANE'S COMBINATION are billed in Providence, R. I., Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1, 1879, in the Providence Opera-house.....In Low's Opera-house Parkes & Hardenberg's Company played "Our American Cousin" last week to fair business, save on Christmas, when the house was crowded.

ACLAND VON BOYLE has been expressly engaged for the part of Sing Foo in "Marked for Life" during its production at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., commencing Jan. 6.

THE HENRY DRAMATIC COMPANY has been meeting with success during its Western trip, and so far the accounts are full of praise for the excellence of the entertainments offered. Extracts from the press, published elsewhere, speak in laudatory terms of the performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by this company. A new play—the Irish drama of "Aileen Aroon"—has been added to their repertory. Mr. Lecester joined the company at Dubuque, Ia., also J. A. Moak, who will act as advance agent in future in place of Frank Gibson. The route is St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, Stillwater 6, 7, 8, Minneapolis 9, 10, 11, and then through Eastern States.

IN LIBRARY HALL, Newark, N. J., Tony Barry's "Humpty Dumpty" Combination played Christmas afternoon and night to crowded houses. Charles Wells was the Clown, and George Norton Pantaloon. They play in Trenton New-Year's afternoon and night.

J. K. EMMET is announced to perform in Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 3, Ithaca 4, Oswego 6, Binghamton 7, Scranton, Pa., 8, Pittston 9, Wilkesbarre 10, Pottsville 11.

MRS. CRANFEAU and company performed in Canton, O., Dec. 23, 24, Columbus 25, 26, Wheeling 27, 28. She has canceled her dates in Norfolk, Va., 30, 31.

MARRIED.—In Toronto, Ont., Dec. 26, by the Rev. R. E. Green of St. James' Cathedral, Eugene T. Bannerton of New York and Miss Eliza S. Hudson (Huntoon of Chicago, Ill. The happy couple were lately members of the Helen Blye Combination.

MAYOR STOKLEY of Philadelphia has issued positive orders to the effect that all places of amusement in that city must be closed on Sunday evenings hereafter.

MUSICAL.

BLIND TOM was greeted by large audiences at Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, Ont., Dec. 24, 25.

DICK GOLLEDAY advertises that he is at liberty, and he has a set of Swiss bells for sale cheap.

A SNOW-BOUND TRAIN prevented the Swedish Lady Quartet from reaching Indianapolis, Ind., in time to give a concert Dec. 23, but the remaining performances—Christmas afternoon and night—were given to a small attendance. Cause, counter-attractions and insufficient advertising. The party remain in that city until the beginning of the new year, when they will resume their tour, singing in Piqua, O., Jan. 1, 1879, Delaware 2, Newcastle, Pa., 3, 4, Sharon 6, Warren, O., 7, Youngstown 8, Greenville, Pa., 9, Corry 10, Titusville 11, Erie 13, Ridgeway 14, Lock Haven 15, Renova 16, Williamsport 17, Sunbury 18, York 20, Columbia 21, Pottsville 22, Phœnixville 23, Norristown 24, Reading 25, Lebanon 27, Altoona 28, Wheeling, W. Va., 29, Salem, O., 30, Zanesville 31, Dayton Feb. 1.

THE BERGEN FAMILY played in Detroit, Mich., Dec. 23, 24, 25, to fair business.

H. M. SMITH'S CONCERT TROUPE, announced for two concerts in Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 25, canceled dates, owing to non-arrival of advertising matter.

GEO. MOLINEUX publishes the Irish song-and-dance "Mary Ann McLaughlin" and Harris and Carroll's song-and-dance "Hours of Pleasure." See card.

BIJOU, violin and guitar books can be purchased at John Magee's address.

PROFESSIONAL banjos, music, strings, etc., can be obtained at S. S. Stewart's musical depot, advertised elsewhere.

A NEW AND EXPRESSIVE SONG, entitled "I'll Not Forget the One Who is All the World to Me," which has a simple construction and sweet melody, is advertised for sale at the publisher's address. Mme. Clara Brinkerhoff, who includes it in her repertory, has given the song with considerable effect.

LILLIAN CLARK, solo-violinist and horn-player, and Amy Bandall, clarionet and tenor horn-player, have been engaged for the Spauldings' Spring tour, to begin March 31.

THE BANJO is taught by mail by the Dime Banjo Music Co. See advertisement.

A YOUNG LADY, pianist and singer, is wanted for an entertainment by Prof. McClelland, who advertises.

THE FRENCH OPERA TROUPE, headed by Mlle. Zelie Weil, that was announced to appear at the North Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week commencing Dec. 23, failed to keep their contract, and the theatre remains closed until Jan. 6.

SELIKA, a colored prima donna, assisted by Miss Mattie Lawrence, gave a concert at Association Hall, Philadelphia, Dec. 23. The Sunday concerts given at Maennerchor Hall and the Germania Theatre will be discontinued, an order to that effect having been given by Mayor Stokley.

THE KELLOGG AND CARY OPERA COMPANY produced "Un Ballo in Maschera" in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 23. The violent snowstorm that prevailed at the time not only prevented the hall from being more than two-thirds filled, but also resulted in the company being detained here two days, the railroads being blockaded during that time. As they were billed for Rochester and Syracuse the following two nights, this detention was a serious one.....To the snowstorm, too, may be attributed the small attendance at the same place Dec. 27, when Camilla Urso's concert took place.

STRAKOSCH'S ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY commence a week's engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Dec. 30.

BLIND TOM opens in Oddfellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, 1879.

BLIND TOM held forth in Troy, N. Y., Dec. 28, to a moderate house.....Rollin Howard's Combination is billed Jan. 1, 2, 1879.....Gilmore's Band, with De Murska, Rossini, Levy and Bernstein, 8.

THE KELLOGG OPERA TROUPE was billed to sing at Rochester, N. Y., Dec 24; but did not appear, as the storm had blockaded the roads, and they were unable to get further East than Buffalo.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is to read in Albany, N. Y., Dec. 31.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE sang in the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 27, and afternoon 28. "Il Trovatore" was sung in the evening to a large audience, and "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the matinee to a light attendance. Our correspondent remarks: "'Aida' was to have been the bill for the evening's entertainment, but owing to the alleged indisposition of Signor Rosnati, the tenor, it was at the last moment changed to 'Trovatore,' when the public were led to believe that 'Aida' would be sung, and the announcement of the change was not made until after all seats had been sold, considerable dissatisfaction was expressed. The poor attendance at the matinee, notwithstanding the fact that Litta sang and that there had previously been much curiosity manifested to hear her, seemed like a rebuke to the management."

AT FORD'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., "H. M. S. Pinafore," together with the Christmas pantomime of "Santa Claus," held the boards the past week to excellent business. Our correspondent writes: "The opera was beautifully set, and the leading parts admirably sung. The pantomime introduced a number of season-favorites, and proved most heartily enjoyed. In consequence of its attraction the same bill will be repeated until New Year's-Day, when it will give way to Katie Mayhew in 'M'liss'.....'The Bells of Corneville' was most artistically sung the past week by the Tracy Titus Opera Combination at Albaugh's Holliday-street Theatre. Catherine Lewis, Laura Joyce and Henry Peakes were heard to advantage. The cast embraced many good voices, besides the above, more prominently among whom were Laura Clancy, Emma Mettler, Eugene Clark, Charles F. Lange, M. W. Fiske and G. Roache. Business fair. This combination opens in Philadelphia on 30, and 'Almost a Life' will be produced here the same date."

"TAFFY," or "Don't Be So Absurd," and other popular ditties, are advertised as for sale at Harding's address.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON, MASS.—The six hundred and twelfth concert of the Handel and Haydn Society was given in Music Hall Dec. 22, when Handel's oratorio of "Belshazzar" was rendered. The principal singers were Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, soprano; Miss Ida Welch, contralto; William Courtney, tenor; and John F. Winch, bass; with Carl Zerrahn, conductor; B. J. Lang, organist; and Miss Hight's Piano Company, pianists. Dec. 26, 27, soprano: George R. Tuus, basso; Will E. Taylor, pianist; and the Boston Cadet orchestra appeared in concert at the Hebrew fair.....The Stoughton, Mass., Musical Society, said to be the oldest organization of the kind in the country, celebrated their ninety-second anniversary there Christmas, the annual election of officers, rehearsal and turkey-dinner occurring in the afternoon, and a concert in Stetson Hall in the evening, Professor Huran Wilde conducted the singing, assisted by an orchestra and piano. It was decided to give four concerts, commencing in Easton 29.....Signor Citille assumes the direction of the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and Mr. Hinkins the music-organist. 29.....At the seventh concert at the Gaiety Theatre 29, the attraction will be Spaulding's Swiss Bellringers.....Indications point to a successful season of Italian opera, the advance sale of seats being very large.....A concert and reading will be given in Tremont Temple Jan. 1 by Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, soprano; Mrs. Anna Simpson Richards, reader; Mr. Wulf Fries, violinist, and Schubert Instrumental Club; Fred. J. Eustis, pianist; and Miss Jennie Cuthoni of Chicago, reader. The Old Bay State course of entertainments will close with a concert at Music Hall Jan. 6, at which will appear the Misses Adelaide Phillips and Marie Stone, Messrs. Tom Karl, W. H. McDonald, Alfred H. Pease and S. L. Studley.....Strakosch's Kellogg-Cary Opera Company appear for two weeks at the Boston Theatre early in February.

THE ORIGINAL SWEDISH QUARTET were announced in Syracuse Dec. 28, with a second concert 29.

SHAFFER'S SWISS BELLRINGERS, under the management of Sam Sampson, are to play in Millerton, N. Y., Dec. 30, Amenia 31, Pawling Jan. 1, Po

RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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